



No. 308.—VOL. XXIV.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1898.

SIXPENCE.  
By Post, 6½d.



"PEACE AND GOODWILL TO ALL MEN."

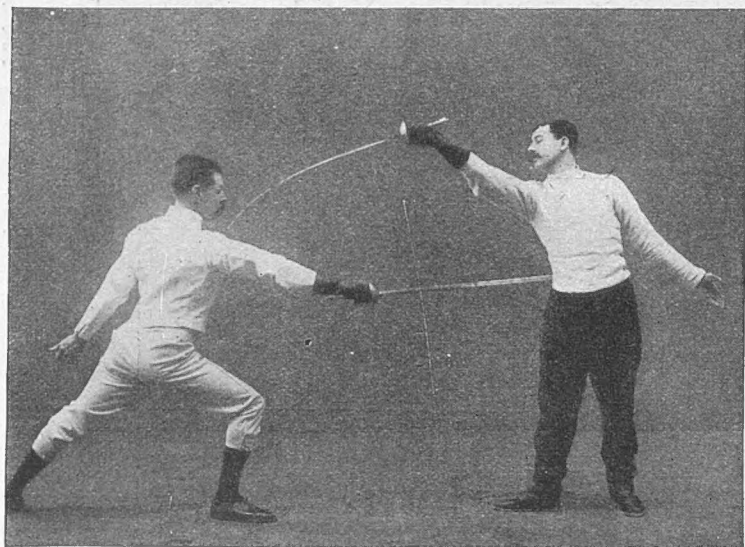
*If only we had another Charles Dickens to sing the praises of the festive season!*



## THE DUELLIST AT OXFORD.

If we settled our disputes like France, Englishmen (and women) would make a pretty good show. That was evident from the assault-at-arms which was held at Oxford the other day under the presidency of Sir Frederick Pollock, whose motto as a Professor of Jurisprudence should be "Cedant Arma Togie." The large and brilliant audience were, no doubt, chiefly attracted by the fact that Miss T. Lowther was not only to

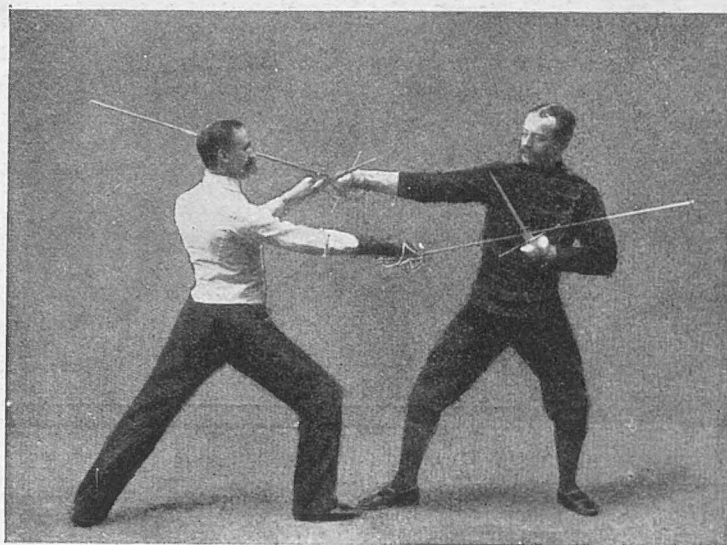
attack (which is, of course, good "countering" in boxing), the point cannot be scored. It is open, indeed, to question whether a bout between a man and a woman can ever be satisfactory. She is too eager to win, and he is loth to hit. That Miss Lowther did as well as she did against an opponent so physically strong and so technically perfect as Mr. Egerton Castle says a great deal for her pluck and training. Sir Frederick Pollock announced that she was the second lady who had arrived at what the French describe as "serious force." In modern times the only lady that can have been meant is that daughter of



DUELLING-SWORDS (MODERN FRENCH PLAY).  
M. WALTER'S PRETTY STROKE.

make an academic appearance on the boards, but also to try her strength in a real fencing bout with foils against M. Walter, Professor to the Oxford Fencing Club, and Mr. Egerton Castle, one of our best amateurs. And they were not disappointed; for one rarely sees anything more graceful than the "Lesson" this lady received upon the stage from M. Ridderbaeks (Professor at Macpherson's Gymnasium), and it is probably the first time that this exhibition of skill and patience has been given in public. Miss Lowther left nothing undone that the most dogmatic admirer of the "arme blanche" could desire; for, after showing her strength of wrist in the lesson, she went through the Academy Salute with Mr. Egerton Castle, that charming transition from the pupil's obedience to the fighter's freedom, which combines swift movements with slow, parries with attacks, and inimitable politeness with them all.

But the greatest interest was, not unnaturally, aroused by the meeting of the two amateurs in "loose play." Indeed, the *raison d'être* of an assault-at-arms was almost forgotten in the desire of the audience, and of at least one of the fencers, to see points scored. It should be thoroughly understood that a friendly gathering of the kind which Mr. Henry Balfour (Keeper of the Pitt Rivers Museum) and Dr. Doyne so successfully arranged at Oxford is not intended to demonstrate the superiority of any individual fencer by the number of points he may secure; it is rather meant to suggest to the audience the infinite possibilities of action in the various kinds of swordsmanship, from the old long rapier that slew *Mercutio* to the modern duelling-sword that lets hot journalistic blood in Paris. To fence with these limitations needs a different temperament to the feminine. Miss Lowther would not have been the woman that she is had she not shown an anxiety to score her hit, which led an uninstructed audience into the paths of somewhat impatient expectation. For, to score a real hit with the foils, you must plant your button true and be unscathed yourself, and, if your partner omits to parry and answers your thrust only with a similar



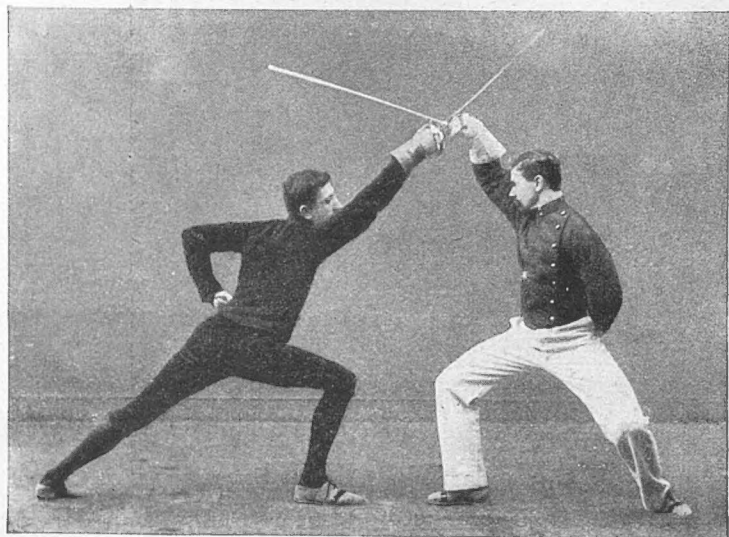
RAPIER AND DAGGER.  
MR. EGERTON CASTLE GUARDS WITH DAGGER AND ATTACKS WITH RAPIER.

Jean-Louis, of Montpellier, afterwards married to a Dr. Veillard, of Toulouse, whom *Vigean* speaks of in 1883. Miss Lowther should try her "serious force" on some similarly gifted Frenchwoman instead of putting her own countrymen at odds between their natural feelings and their "fencing pride."

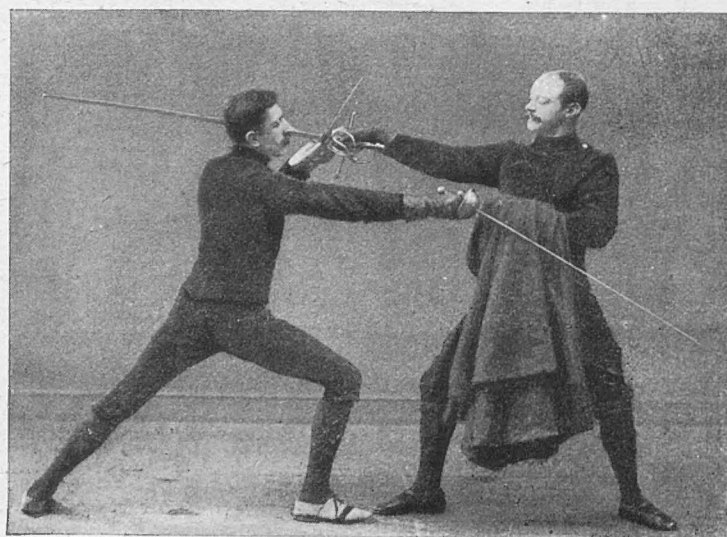
But the swordsman who was also something of an antiquarian—and the two tastes often go together—was perhaps more interested in the last number on the programme than in any other. For in these days, when two *d'Artagnans* hold the stage in town, and rival companies of *Musketeers* are swaggering across the London footlights, the old play with the long and heavy rapier of the early seventeenth century—the origin of all modern fence—has been made more of a reality than ever it can have been in the times when *Dumas* wrote his enchanting novel. For the complicated rapture of thrust and parry that you get from his breathless pages had its existence only in the warm brain of "the ventripotent mulatto." The real thing was far more simple. With rapier in his right hand, and dagger in his left, the bravo's attitude was much the boxer's of to-day. His foins and guards were few and simple, his wounds were deadly. When he has no dagger, it is as when *Mercutio* fights—

... With one hand he beats  
Cold death aside, and with the other sends  
It back to Tybalt ... ;

and when he wore a cloak, behold the "*Spada e Cappa*" of the Italian, the imitation of the "*Retiarius*" of his old arenas and their gladiatorial shows, the swift fling forward of enveloping folds that blind an adversary to the following point, or wrap his blade in paralysing thickness, and guard his every effort at a blow. At all three methods Mr. Egerton Castle demonstrated once more his facility and strength of wrist, and the goodwill of his opponent, struggling against fatal odds, was cheerfully recognised until the meeting closed in an inevitable death-stroke.



SABRES: MR. BURDETT AND M. RAYMONDI.



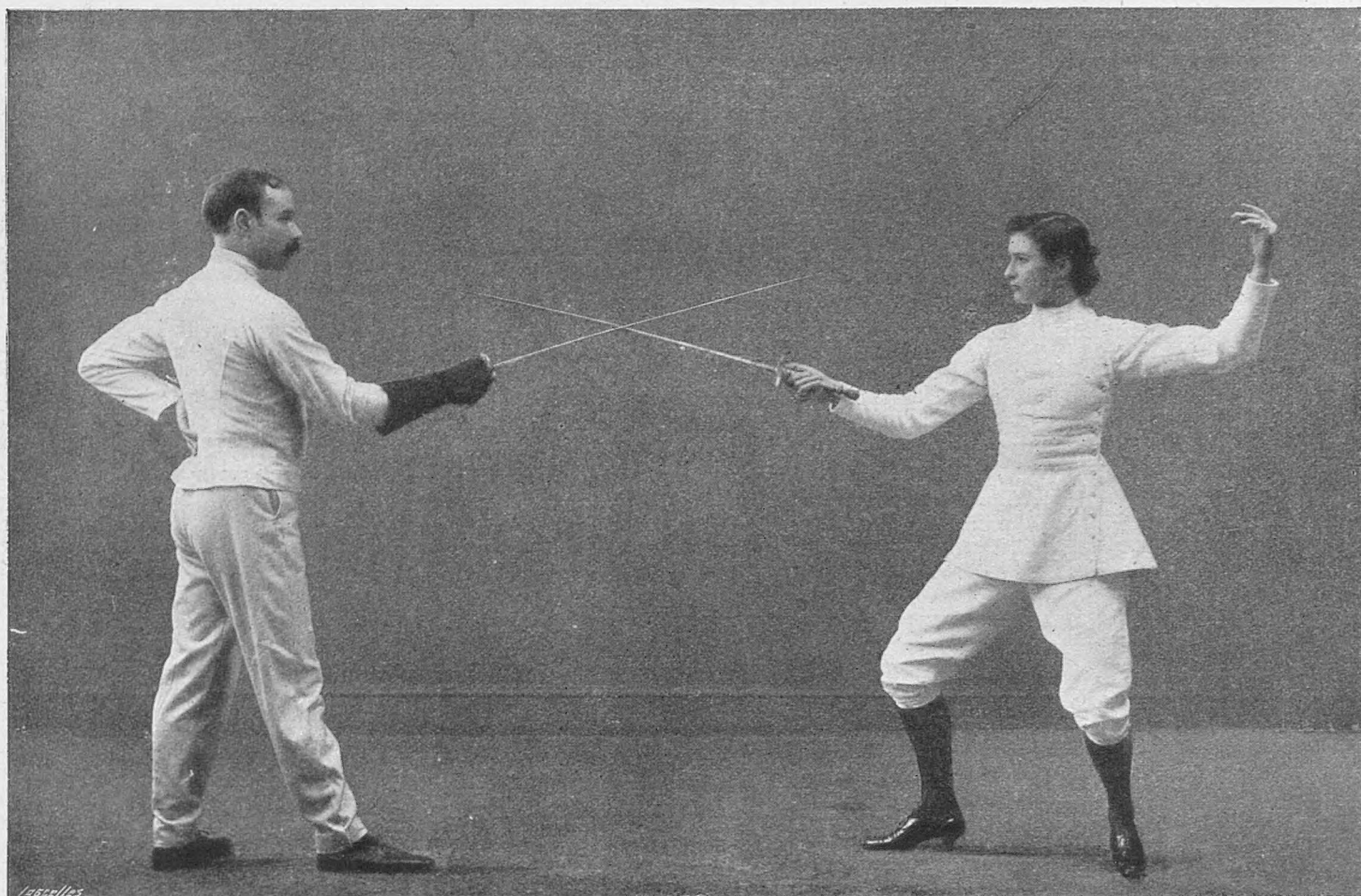
RAPIERS (OLD DUELLING PLAY) · MR. EGERTON CASTLE'S INVINCIBLE CLOAK.

From Photographs by Hills and Saunders, Oxford.

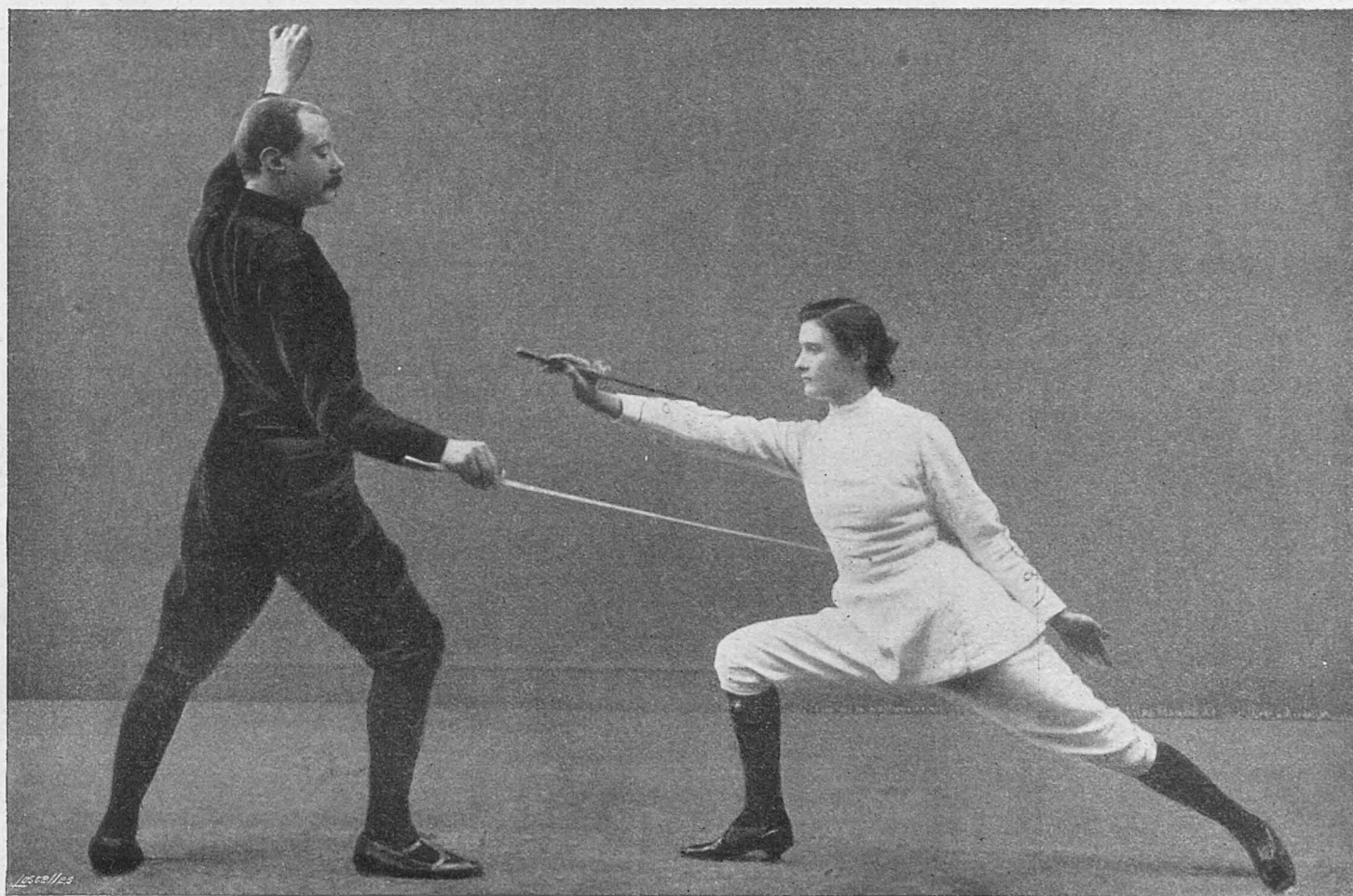


THE DUELLIST AT OXFORD.

*From Photographs by Hills and Saunders, Oxford.*



FOILS (FRENCH PLAY): M. RIDDERBAEKS AND MISS LOWTHER.



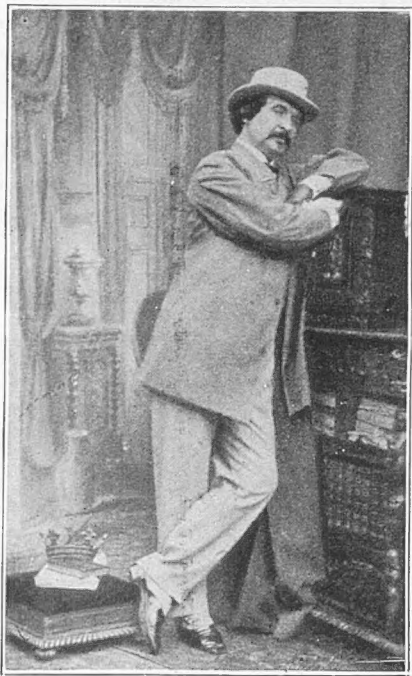
FOILS (FRENCH PLAY), THE ACADEMY SALUTE: MR. EGERTON CASTLE AND MISS LOWTHER.



## WALTER LACY, THE VETERAN ACTOR.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

The fine old actor who has passed away was one of the most companionable and entertaining men I have ever met. Often and often I have chatted with him in his accustomed corner at the Old Ship at Brighton, or



WALTER LACY.  
Photo by Adolphe Beau.

over a cigar at the Garrick Club. This delightful artist adored Brighton. I suppose he was one of the oldest inhabitants, and he seemed to fancy that he lived in the days of the Prince Regent and rollicked with the bloods of that period. His language glowed with the most daring alliteration and astonishing hyperbole. To talk to him was to listen to an entertainment, and, if one cared to see the old school of actor, rich in memory and anecdote and description, he was there before you in the person of Walter Lacy. On the stage he had the grand style. In conversation he burlesqued it. In Shakspeare, at the Princess's Theatre under Charles Kean; in Sheridan comedy at the St. James's, when managed by Miss Herbert; or in the Irving productions, in which he was engaged by his old friend Henry Irving, we had few better elocutionists. I have not seen it mentioned

that the "old man garrulous" was a teacher of elocution and a Professor of that art at the Royal Academy of Music. It would be impossible to print many of Walter Lacy's stories and descriptions, because he intermingled them with an erotic flavour not unworthy of the Marquis de Sade. He had truly what schoolboys call "the gift of the gab." As an actor I can best recall his Alfred Highflyer—he used to say to me, "My dear Clement, I am Alfred Highflyer"—and his Château Renaud in "The Corsican Brothers" was a play in which I considered him infinitely better than Alfred Wigan. Although he had seen so much good acting, and, as I have said before, was thoroughly of the old school, he was singularly fair and unprejudiced. When Charles Fechter came to London, he did not sneer at him and chaff him as the old actors did, but recognised his merits and acknowledged them. When Irving became master of the Lyceum, he freely offered his old friend his generous advice and counsel. I once induced Walter Lacy to send to me an account of the original production of Bulwer Lytton's "Money," in which he was engaged. This play, which some of the younger generation attempt to decry, was first performed at the Haymarket Theatre on Dec. 8, 1840—just one year before I was born. Think of the cast—

Lord Glossmore, Mr. F. Vining; Sir John Vesey, Mr. Strickland; Sir Frederick Blount, Mr. Walter Lacy; Stout, Mr. David Rees; Graves, Mr. Benjamin Webster; Alfred Evelyn, Mr. Macready; Captain Dudley Smooth, Mr. Wrench; Jabouret, Mr. Howe; Lady Franklin, Mrs. Glover; Georgina, Miss Priscilla Horton; Clara Douglas, Miss Helen Faucit.

The notes on the play by Walter Lacy will be found very interesting—

"The piece was got up regardless of cost, Count d'Orsay suggesting the costumes; and, as Charles Mathews, with his elegant spider figure, had educated the public in the matter of perfect dressing, we were naturally anxious to show to the best possible advantage. The Count's tailor made my clothes, which comprised a complete change for each of the five acts, absorbing as many weeks of my salary. The cast was nervously considered, and James Wallack having declined Dudley Smooth, it was given to Wrench, whose *sang-froid* and Society air suited the part admirably. At the first rehearsal

Macready evidently thought I was too slow; but I saw that the best chance for the author and myself lay in opposing a *laissez-aller* manner in Blount to the irrepressible temper of Macready in Evelyn. However, after an ominous consultation with his friend Forster, the part was taken from me, and John Webster sent for; but it was immediately brought back to me by Welmot with, "Macready says John Webster is too fat," and I was left to deal with it after my own fashion, which was fortunate for myself and Sir Edward, who came to me on the stage the morning after the comedy had been submitted to the public, and thanked me 'for a creation.'

"The ladies, God bless them, played enchantingly. The poetic grace and melodious rhythm of Helen Faucit contrasted charmingly with the piquant naturalness of Priscilla Horton. The queenly Mrs. Glover, a marvellous specimen of the *ars est celare artem*, was delightful as Lady Franklin and bewitching in the dancing duologue with Webster, whose Graves was brimful of quaint drollery and sharp appreciation of the humorous situation, the actress subjecting him to her quivering eyelids, and winning him with the softness of a summer wave to the wish that mutually gleamed in their expressive faces, until the audience, sympathising, heartily applauded the fun. Macready's Alfred Evelyn was amazingly bright and telling, the forced gaiety being as natural to the man as appropriate to the character. The actor who made the heartiest impression was David Rees, who combined a Listonian gravity with the raciness of John Reeve. He burst on the stage with an avalanche of cravat, shirt-front, and white waistcoat covering his capacious chest, forcibly reminding me of Beau Brummel's fine linen, plenty of it, and country washing. There was a breezy freshness about the man, his great, round, red face luminous, full of breath and explosive power; he rushed in like an engine, puffing with electioneering excitement, and seeming to expand until he filled the whole atmosphere. He shot out the words, 'Popkins for Groginhole!' over the crowded pit, as from a hustings, in a way that electrified the audience."

## THE 'VARSITY FOOTBALL MATCH.

The twenty-sixth annual match between the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge was played at Queen's Club on Wednesday. Of the twenty-five previous games, Oxford had won ten and Cambridge eight, the remaining seven having been left drawn. The records of the present season were rather in favour of the Light Blues, as out of twelve games played eight had been won, two lost, and two drawn; while Oxford, with the same number of matches played, had only won five games as against four losses and three draws. The general impression was, however, that Oxford had gone through a rather more ambitious programme than their rivals, and consequently they took the field on Wednesday slight favourites. Both sides turned out as advertised, Nicholas playing for Oxford, but the Cantabs were, of course, without their captain and most prolific try-getter, W. N. Pilkington, who sustained an injury in the match against Blackheath about a month ago. Cambridge won the toss, and Swanston kicked off for Oxford at twenty-five minutes to three. The result was: Cambridge, one goal, two tries; Oxford, nil.

H. Rottenburg. F. H. Jones. J. G. Fortham. J. R. C. Greenlees.  
M. A. Black. J. Daniell. A. Hacking. G. M. Bennet.



R. W. Bell. A. J. L. Darby (acting capt.). W. N. Pilkington (capt.). A. J. Campbell.  
F. H. Fasson. G. F. Collett. A. S. Pringle. N. C. Fletcher.

THE CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY RUGBY FOOTBALL TEAM WHICH ROUTED OXFORD.

Photo by Stearn, Cambridge.



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**SATURDAY, DEC. 24.—A FAST LATE TRAIN** to CHISLEHURST, SEVENOAKS, TUNBRIDGE WELLS, ST. LEONARDS, HASTINGS, A HFORD, CANTERBURY, RAMSGATE, MARGATE, FOLKESTONE, and DOVER, leaving CHARING CROSS at 12 midnight, WATERLOO 12.3 a.m., CANNON STREET 12.10 a.m., LONDON BRIDGE 12.14 a.m., and NEW CROSS at 12.22 a.m.

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**CHRISTMAS DAY.**—Several Extra Trains will run, but the Ordinary Services will be as on Sundays.

**BANK HOLIDAY, MONDAY, DEC. 26.—CHEAP EXCURSION** to ALDERSHOT, from London Stations. Return Day Fare, 3rd Class, 3s. SEVERAL TRAINS will be WITHDRAWN or ALTERED. Late Trains will run from London.

**SPECIAL NOTE.**—On TUESDAY, DEC. 27, several Trains will be WITHDRAWN. The Continental Services will be as usual.

For further particulars as to Times of Trains, &c., see Bills and Holiday Programme.

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MR. TREE AS D'ARTAGNAN IN "THE MUSKETEERS," AT HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE LONDON STEREOSCOPIC COMPANY, REGENT STREET, W.



## SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

The Earl of Hopetoun, the new Lord Chamberlain, was a most impressive Colonial Governor, and on those occasions in Australia when the Governor of Victoria was compelled to appear in state, the brilliancy of his retinue was equal to that of an Imperial entourage. Lord Hopetoun was the first to introduce into Government House, Melbourne, Indian and Egyptian servants, and their presence in his household constituted a signal link in the unity of the British Empire. During his office Lord Hopetoun was popular, but the splendour of his surroundings rather awed democratic Australia. He was nominated to the Governorship at the early age of twenty-nine, and, despite his youth, soon displayed ability in the administration of his duties. He took a keen interest in the welfare of the colony, and was particularly pleased at any opportunity which permitted him to sink his rank for the free and independent state of squatter. During his term of office, from 1889-1895, he had a son born to him, and, in compliment to the colony, the name of the capital was incorporated among the other names of the child. Lord Hopetoun is a tall, fairman, with sharp features, and clean-shaven, which makes him appear younger than he is. His age is thirty-eight, and he succeeded very early to the title. Hopetoun is in Midlothian, close to Dalmeny, and altogether he owns about forty-three thousand acres. He married in 1886 Miss Hersey de Moleyns, daughter of Lord Ventry, and a sister of Lady Conyngham and Lady Acland-Hood. Lord Hopetoun has been already a Lord-in-Waiting, and represented the Queen at the funeral of the late King of Spain. The salary of the Lord Chamberlain is £2000 a-year, and it is a most onerous appointment.

Hopetoun House, the ancestral mansion in Linlithgowshire, is not without historic interest. Thither journeyed George IV. from Edinburgh on his memorable Northern visit in 1822, as the guest of the fourth Earl. In 1878, during his first visit to this country, the Shah of Persia stayed some time at Hopetoun; a room in the mansion is named after the late Duchess of Teck, who sojourned there for a brief time; and quite recently the Dowager-Empress of Germany made a flying visit to the Scottish seat of the new Lord Chamberlain. As the house of Hope in its early history claims kinship with both Dutch and French families, it is only appropriate that there should be many examples from the brushes of the great masters of the former school adorning the spacious halls of Hopetoun. The Dutch school is not alone represented, however, as there are also numerous specimens of the Italian and modern schools on the walls. There is a large collection of curios and bric-à-brac secured by his lordship in various parts of the globe, and not a few examples of his skill as a huntsman. The stables,

as a matter of course, are among the sights of Hopetoun, and the interest in these has been enhanced of late by the fact that the horse General Wauchope rode at Omdurman was stabled there.

The Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, which has become so prominent since President McKinley's Message, was drawn up in 1850 by Sir Henry Bulwer and Mr. J. M. Clayton.

Under this instrument, Great Britain and the United States bind themselves against acquiring any exclusive control over the Nicaragua Canal. A passage in the Message to Congress from the President conveyed the impression that the manifest rights of Great Britain in the area were to be ignored, and the Nicaragua Canal made and controlled by the United States. The prompt intervention of the English Foreign Office to assert the integrity of the Treaty caused the insertion into the Maritime Canal Bill of a clause affirming the strict neutrality of the Canal, as well as a repudiation from the President of the particular meaning of his Message. What, of course, has happened is that the aid of the United States Government to finance the project has been invoked. Private enterprise has failed as signally in this instance as in the case of the Panama Canal, and the Secretary of the United States Treasury, Mr. Lyman Gage, has advised the United States Cabinet that it would be well to authorise the issue of bonds by the Maritime Canal Company under Government guarantee. It is clearly recognised that prompt action must be taken by Congress if the Canal is to be built under the auspices of the United States. The concession of the Maritime Canal Company, obtained in 1889, expires in October 1899, and many rival syndicates are attempting to forestall the renewal of the original concession. The canal is one hundred and seventy-four miles long, and from the Pacific Ocean to Lake Nicaragua there will be six locks in the twelve miles of canal. The lake will be utilised for fifty-six miles.

One heard a good deal, not so many years ago, of the alleged Scottish descent of Skobeloff, the famous Russian General. There were, withal, not a few substantial grounds for the claim, which nobody at the time cared to question. It may prove different, however, with the so-called discovery of a

contributor to the "Proceedings of the Anglo-Russian Literary Society," to the effect "that the Romanovs, the ruling family of Russia, derive their descent from Andrew Campbell, an Argyllshire Scot. The Czar of all the Russias is thus by descent a Highlandman, and, as a natural corollary, the McCallum More is his tribal or clan chief." Andrew Campbell, the progenitor of the Romanovs, the contributor adds, "found his way across the Continent to the Court of the Grand Duke Alexander Nevesky at Moscow, and his descendants rose to high positions there."



THE EARL OF HOPETOUN DRESSED IN BUSH COSTUME, IN VICTORIA.

Photo by Johnstone, O'Shannessy, and Co., Melbourne.



"C. B.," as Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman is called by his colleagues, is the favourite for the leadership of the Opposition. He has sat in the House of Commons as long as Sir William Harcourt. Both entered Parliament in 1868. Sir Henry, more fortunate than Sir William, has never had to change his constituency, the electors of the Stirling Burghs remaining faithful to him for thirty years. He got office two years before Mr. Vernon Harcourt, his name in those days being Mr. Henry Campbell. It was while a young man on the Treasury Bench in 1872 that he assumed his mother's name of Bannerman. His career has been slow, though steady. Unlike the Chamberlains and Asquiths, who walk straight from a back bench into the Cabinet, Sir Henry served a long official apprenticeship. He was the most successful of the Irish Chief Secretaries in the Gladstone Government of 1880. The Nationalists called him the Scotch sand-bag, because they could make no impression upon him; he received their taunts with good-natured indifference, and, moreover, he left things alone. "A sensible thing," said Mr. Parnell, "for an Irish Secretary."

"I hear that he is a very good fellow," remarked Mr. Parnell's biographer with reference to Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. "Yes," replied the Irish chief, "I daresay he is." It is the quality of a good fellow which recommends Sir Henry now for the leadership. He is genial, even-tempered, and free from intrigue. If he hates anybody, it is the humbug. He has no enthusiasms, and is a stiff speaker, but he has tact, humour, and more than the average allowance of common sense. Among Unionists he is almost as popular as on his own side. His popularity was proved at the time the Chair was vacant. Both sides would have accepted him as Speaker if he could have been spared by his party. Outside the House he is comparatively little known. It is at St. Stephen's that he appears to advantage. He is the "W. H. Smith" of the Liberal Party, and a better leader the Conservatives never had than his prototype. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman might not be effective in winding-up a debate, but he would do more than any other Leader to minimise the differences in the party.

Mr. Asquith would make a Leader of a different sort. He would seek to rally the party rather by attacking his opponents than by soothing and conciliating the members around him. There is no lack of ambition in Mr. Asquith. His mouth reveals his determination. He would, no doubt, accept the leadership at once if it were offered to him; but his chances are not so strong now as they were a few years ago. It is true that he has improved his social position by marriage, and that he has earned great applause by "standing up to" Mr. Chamberlain, whom he denounced right vigorously last Session for "touting for allies," but his attendance in the House has recently been very irregular; he has spoken only on a few set occasions, and he has made no effort to dive into the hearts of members. Mr. Asquith is a man of intellect, without enthusiasm, neither exciting nor showing sympathy.

The *Daily Telegraph* is, apparently, determined that Mr. Labouchere shall justify his character as a great French comedian, for it headed his opinion of the split "*M. Labouchere*." "*M. Labouchere*" declared that, if Mr. Asquith were to become the Leader of the House of Commons, he would simply be a "warming-pan" for a lord.

You may wish (to use Labby's argôt)  
To float as "*My Lady*," Margôt?  
Or sail à la mode O,  
As Duchess of Dodo?  
But you'll ruin the Lib'ral cargô,  
Margôt.

The late Lord Vernon was alluded to by Sir William Harcourt on an interesting occasion as "the head of my race." Sir William's grandfather, the Archbishop of York, was a son of the first Baron. Vernon was his patronymic, and the surname of Harcourt was only assumed by the Archbishop in 1831. When the statesman who has just resigned the leadership of the Opposition entered Parliament he was known as Mr. Vernon Harcourt, but the Vernon was allowed gradually to fade.

Not only Mr. Black, but also William Brighty Rands, whose "Lilliput Levee" is noticed elsewhere, were Camberwellians in a way. It was in Dulwich that William Brighty Rands lived for a short time and died sixteen years ago. Here also sojourned for a time the industrious and indefatigable Dr. Charles Rogers, while not far off, in Peckham, Walter Jerrold, Eliza Cook, and Mr. Harrison Weir—the last-named, happily, still with us—were neighbours in the early 'seventies. Charles Gibbons the novelist and Sydney Dobell the poet were both associated with the latter somewhat despised suburb. Mr. Chamberlain's and Professor Jowett's eyes opened in Camberwell, and Tom Hood resided for a time in a house overlooking Peckham Rye, and also in Camberwell New Road.

Despite the removal during the last few months of some of the ancient landmarks of Dulwich, notably the old Greyhound Inn, familiar to the poet Campbell, to Thackeray, Dickens, and Mark Lemon, the South-Eastern suburb still retains a good deal of its old-world character. There are fields not yet encroached upon by the suburban builder, and the magnificent oak-trees—there are many fine specimens in Dulwich Park—can be admired to-day as they have been by bygone generations. Notwithstanding its College and Picture Gallery, it is difficult to-day to realise the proximity of Dulwich to the great city, as the quietude of other days still broods over the village. The novelists, it may be mentioned, have not forgotten Dulwich. Mr. Black made several allusions to it in "*Madeap Violet*"; Mr. George Moore, in "*Evelyn Innes*," makes the Picture Gallery the trysting-place of the lovers; and it was in front of Guido Reni's "*St. Sebastian*" in the old Gallery that Alton Locke stood one day when he met the two women who changed the course of his life. In the neighbourhood of Dulwich, it should not be forgotten, was passed the youth of Robert Browning, who composed "*Pippa Passes*" in an adjoining wood, and of Mr. Ruskin, who alludes on more than one occasion in his works to his early experiences there.

Messrs. Charles Letts and Son, of 3, Royal Exchange, E.C., send me as a Christmas present a small pocket-book in which to record my engagements for the coming year. They desire to emphasise the fact that it has two characteristics which do not pertain to any other diaries extant. The one is that it contains a life-insurance policy for £500, and the other that it has what is called a "Self-Opening Tablet," by which, with very great ease, you arrive at the page you want to use. Charles Letts and Son also desire to repudiate association with the Letts's Diaries that are published by Cassell and Co. I do not doubt that Cassell and Co. would also wish to repudiate Charles Letts and Son; but why there should be two sets of Letts's Diaries to confuse and bewilder the public is a mystery that "no fellow can understand." However, I am none the less obliged to Charles

Letts and Son for their Diary, with its most useful life insurance and its ingenious tablet. They claim to possess two hundred varieties of these Diaries.

Count Theodore Zichy, of Vienna, has been for many years making most interesting researches on the subject of hereditary likeness. He is a distinguished genealogist, and possesses, among other treasures, a priceless collection of four thousand authentic pictures or engravings of Princes and Princesses of the royal houses of Europe. With the aid of this collection he has made most of his researches on family likeness and continuity of type through many generations. He has chiefly occupied himself with the two great houses of Hapsburg and Bourbon. With regard to the former, he has come to the conclusion that the most perfect type of a Hapsburg is the Emperor Charles V., with his long, narrow face, his aquiline nose and underhung jaw. This is to be found, more or less acutely, in all his descendants. In the house of Bourbon the likeness seems to descend from the mother's side. Thus, Louis XIII. resembled his mother, Mary of Medicis; Louis XIV. bore a great likeness to Anne of Austria, and Louis XV. also resembled his mother. It is also interesting to learn that Naundorf, whom so many people still believe to be the grandson of Louis XVI., bears a striking likeness to Marie Antoinette, who had the same kind of reddened eyelids as had the well-known Pretender.



THE LATE WILLIAM BLACK.—JOHN PETTIE, R.A.  
The property of Sir William Ingram, Bart.



My friends of the *Illustrated London News* have received a number of letters dealing with the Christmas coloured plate of that journal, "The Reconciliation." One writer, from distant Budapest, says: "Your Christmas Number of 1898 has a very good illustration; would you be good enough to let me know the explanation of this picture? Which persons in the picture are to be reconciled?"

A lady also writes from Malvern as follows—

The different members residing at the above address are very anxious to know the real story of the Presentation Picture in the Christmas Number of the *Illustrated London News*, called "Reconciliation." It may amuse you to read the following interpretations of the scene depicted. Mrs. B. thinks the scene is laid in an inn parlour. The old gentleman is grandfather to the girl. She has run away with the young man behind the chair. The postboy has brought the old gentleman to the inn. The old man in red waistcoat is the landlord, who has interceded for the young couple. The old gentleman has forgiven them, and everyone is delighted. The postillion and servants are respectfully offering their congratulations. The coat on the chair is the girl's, and her hood is on the window-seat. Mrs. B. fancies the picture is a sequel to another she has seen, where the old gentleman is horse-whipping the younger, the girl weeping, and the servants are watching the scene through a window.

Mrs. M. thinks the two old gentlemen are brothers who have had some difference, and are at last reconciled. The girl is granddaughter to the old gentleman in the chair.

Miss W. thinks the old gentlemen are brothers. The young man behind the chair is the lover of the girl, and all the others are servants, who are expressing their delight at their master consenting to the match.

Mrs. G. thinks the scene depicted is a country inn. The grandfather has followed the girl, and caught her as she is about to make a runaway match with the young man behind his chair. The postillion has brought the old grandfather; the man in red waistcoat is the landlord; and they are all expressing their pleasure because the old gentleman has given the young couple his blessing and they are reconciled.

Miss B. thinks the old gentleman is father of the girl. The girl has run away with the man behind the chair. The young man with the whip is a jockey, and the one in red waistcoat is landlord of the inn.

"Vaga" thinks the girl is ward to the old gentleman in the chair, and that he wishes the girl to marry the young man behind his chair, who is his son. The girl has given her heart to another young man, who, on account of his more obscure birth, has hitherto not been approved of. This young man (in the garb of a postboy) has succeeded in performing a very heroic action—probably saved the old man's life while out in the hunting-field. He has been sent for, and the old gentleman consents to his marriage with the fair and beautiful maiden. Witness now the congratulations!

Miss M. thinks the old gentleman in the chair is father of the girl. The man in red waistcoat is the father of the young man behind the chair, who has run away with the girl. The cloak on the chair is his. The jockey has driven the young couple. The two fathers were originally at enmity, but have now come to an amicable understanding in consequence of the marriage of their respective children, which has caused a reconciliation.

This is my idea. The old gentleman is a squire; the damsel, his daughter by a second marriage. The young man behind his chair is his eldest child, who offended him some years before, and was banished. The servants were devoted to their young master, especially the old family-coachman, who has known him from a child, and has taught him to ride, &c. The old man's greatest wish has been to find some means of clearing his young master's character, and at last he has the great joy of finding a witness in his favour, namely, a postillion. Observe the old servant introducing his witness to his master's presence—the postillion touching his hat as he pours forth his story, much to the delight and interest of all present. Observe also the expression of earnest gravity on the countenance of the young master, as well as the intense interest on the face of the girl, who is now no longer heiress to her father.

By publishing the Christmas Number plate of last year, "The Story of the Elopement," to which "The Reconciliation" is a companion picture, I think that I make the *Illustrated London News* picture for 1898 perfectly clear to everyone. It is obvious, of course, that it is the irate father of the first picture who, having caught up with the runaway couple in a village inn, has become at last reconciled to them, and it is clear that there is every prospect of a happy marriage from the baronial hall after the return home. I hope that this soul-stirring controversy may be considered as satisfactorily terminated by this explanation.



THE STORY OF THE ELOPEMENT.

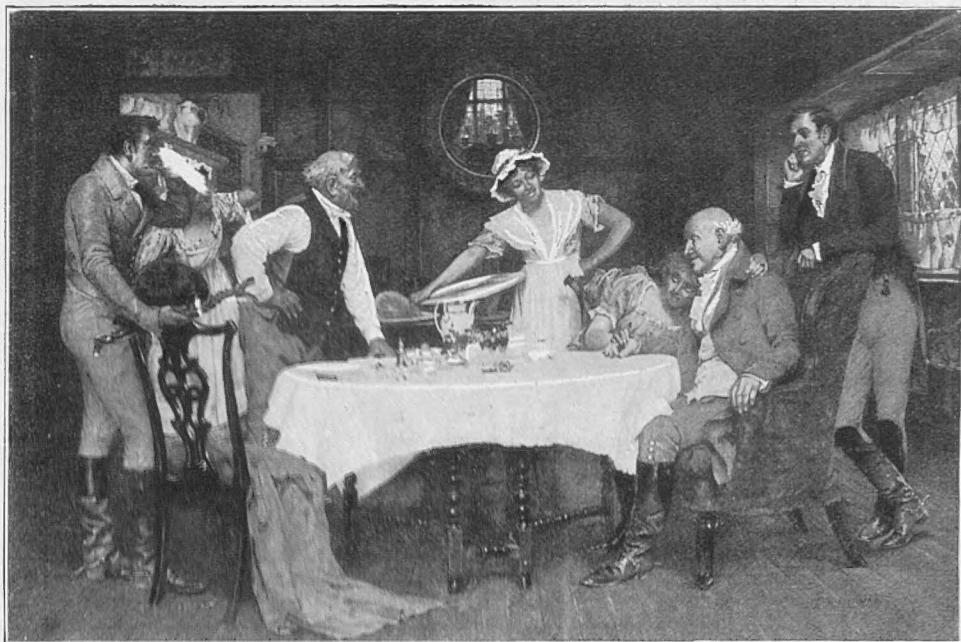
COLOURED PRESENTATION PLATE OF THE "ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" CHRISTMAS NUMBER, 1897.

After the Painting by John A. Lomax.

I congratulate Mr. Douglas Sladen upon the third edition of "Who's Who?" The book grows more entertaining every year. This time it has been published at Christmas, in order to make an excellent season's gift. If everyone whose biography is in it sends it to his or her friends, the book will have a large circulation indeed, for everybody is in it. Now some hundreds of American biographies have been added, the editor thinking that the closer alliance between the two countries justifies that proceeding. Of course, there are a great many names in the book which give one pause. Comparatively obscure people are there by the hundred, and writers of the most trashy and ephemeral books, whereas distinguished artists and others, who have evidently not themselves filled in the forms provided by the editor, are, in many cases, merely named. This is not as it should be. It is, however, a very minor fault, and, after all, the principal strength of the book is in its immense comprehensiveness. There is nothing to resent in the editor's catholicity.

Among the most interesting of the new biographies is that of Mr. Cecil Rhodes, which would appear to have been sent by that distinguished colonial. We are told that Mr. Rhodes rides daily for two hours, from six in the morning; that his favourite reading is the classics, of which he has a fine collection; that he has a separate library of typewritten translations of the classics specially executed for him; that he knows Gibbon almost by heart; that "Vanity Fair" is his favourite work of fiction; that he collects old furniture, china, and curios; that he is devoted to gardening, especially rose-culture; that he is fond of animals, and has a menagerie on Table Mountain; that he visits his lions there every day when he can. Some of this reads a little like a joke on the part of one of Mr. Rhodes' secretaries, of which kindly Mr. Sladen has been made the victim, but, anyway, it makes excellent reading. The whole book, in fact, is as entertaining as a novel. It is a capital reflection of the weaknesses of the age—its egotism, its vanity, its love for self-advertisement. I shall always look forward to "Who's Who?" from year to year as my principal Christmas dissipation.

A German traveller who has recently returned from the Fiji Archipelago has many strange things to tell of the manners and customs of its interesting inhabitants. Barbers, he says, are looked upon as saintly personages, and move in an odour of sanctity. Each chief has his own special Figaro, who attends entirely to his coiffure. Before the work of the day, the barber has his hands blessed by a priest. He is always attended by a slave, who acts as bodyguard.



THE RECONCILIATION.

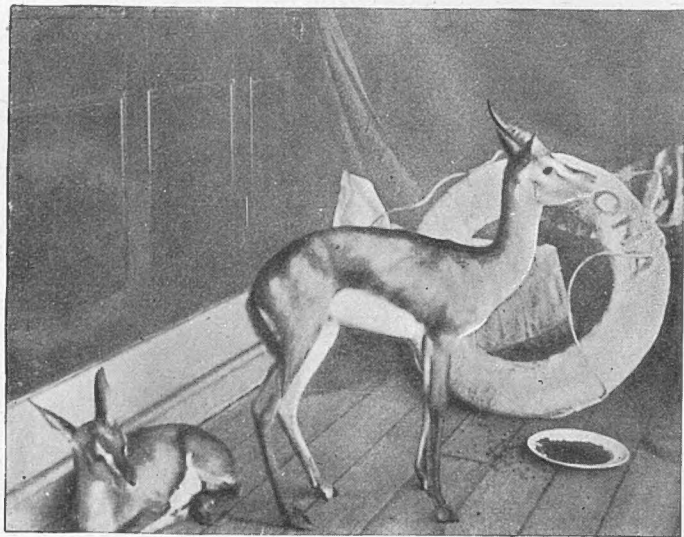
COLOURED PRESENTATION PLATE OF THE "ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" CHRISTMAS NUMBER, 1898.

After the Painting by John A. Lomax.



This letter has reached me from the P. and O. steamer *Ancona*, Perim Island—

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I beg to enclose you photo of self and eldest son, with the following short account of ourselves. I, Mabel Mandeb, was caught napping in April last by some sailor gentlemen belonging to the P. and O. steamship *Ancona*; my son, Babot Mandeb, was born on May 1, and cut his horns on Sept. 13. We are both very happy and quite reconciled to life on board ship,



A PET GAZELLE ON BOARD SHIP.

though we still much enjoy a walk on shore with our masters, of whom we are very fond, the P. and O. feeding being infinitely superior to that of the Arabian desert. I must say that I find the decks very slippery and have not yet got my sea-legs; but my son, who has known no other life, is quite the young tar. He chews tobacco, hitches up his trousers, and performs many other nautical feats, and lives in the hope that, after spending a long and useful life on the briny deep, he may eventually ascend with all other worthy and worn-out sailors to that marine elysium generally known as "Fiddlers' Green."

The recollections of a journalist who began his life's work sixty-three years ago cannot possibly lack interest. For one thing, so long a retrospect is the experience of comparatively few. Mr. Croal, the editor of the *Haddingtonshire Courier*, though he joined the staff of the long-since defunct *Caledonian Mercury* as far back as 1835, is still, it seems, pursuing his vocation, and he has just published his "Early Recollections of the Scottish Press." He assisted, in 1840, to launch the first number of the *Witness*, with Hugh Miller as editor. Mr. Croal seems to have a less exalted opinion of the Cromarty stonemason than the majority of the contemporaries of the latter. He describes Miller's outward appearance in familiar terms. "He wore," he writes, "a suit of grey tweed of homely make, with a rough checked shepherd's plaid flung across his shoulders, and his feet encased in shoes of that free-and-easy kind known as 'bauchels.'" Miller, he goes on to say, seemed to have produced his copy literally by the sweat of his brow. His manuscript gave abundant evidence of "pains," and there was more evidence of this, according to Mr. Croal, when he called for sometimes as many as four revisions! Certainly, Miller's "Schools and Schoolmasters" gives no evidence of what Mr. Croal implies by "pains," and in juxtaposition with the foregoing statement might be placed that of the late Dr. Carruthers, who, in acknowledging the presentation of his portrait at a complimentary dinner given to him near the close of his life, referred to those who had contributed to the *Inverness Courier*, and said of Miller that, when he saw his letters on the Herring Fishery sent to the *Courier*, he at once discerned that a great prose-writer had arisen in the land, and that the country would soon be filled with his fame.

Graduates of the University of Edinburgh in large numbers, of various ages, and in every quarter of the globe, will rejoice to learn that the present students have acknowledged the long services of Mr. Chapman, the "Emeritus-bedellus." Visions of the old college and the towering figure, always dignified and soldierly, of the well-known janitor, are likely to haunt them for some time; while the happy allusion of the "Bedellus" to the students' cheer will revive old-time academic pranks in the "grey metropolis of the North." Mr. Chapman has been made the recipient, at a meeting of the Students' Representative Council, of a handsome silver-mounted walking-stick, while to Mrs. Chapman was presented a specially bound copy of the *Student*, containing the photograph of Mr. Chapman. In many a procession, both in London and Edinburgh, Mr. Chapman has been a conspicuous figure, and he has witnessed numerous demonstrations of enthusiasm. He never seemed, however, to hear any cheer like that of students. "In London," he said, "the crowds cheered well at royalty, but the cheer of students was quite distinctive."

Wednesday was the hundred-and-fourteenth anniversary of Dr. Johnson's death, and so the Johnson Club met in the "Cheshire Cheese," as usual, and drank to him in solemn silence. Mr. Hawkins, the father of Anthony Hope, and Vicar of St. Bride's (the parish in which the "Cheese" stands), made a charming speech. He spoke of the author of "The Prisoner of Zenda" as being as distinguished a son as he is distinguished as an author. Mr. William Canton, the author of "A Child's Book of Saints," which is reviewed in this issue, was also present. The Scribe of the Club read the following verses by "J. M. B.," who took his cue from the article on the Cheshire Cheese in these columns last week—

Why tell me Johnson never sat  
Within this storied "Cheshire Cheese,"  
Where wits and worthies drained the vat  
Of frothing liquor to the lees?—  
Let's make believe to-night, at least,  
That Johnson sits him at our feast.

Why bid me doubt the Doctor's chair—  
The corner where he sat and dined?  
Within a stone's-throw lies the Square  
Where Johnson moiled, nor e'er repined.  
And now, though Commerce holds its sway,  
It spares his house for us to-day.

The 'buses trudge from morn till night,  
And hansoms skim the whole day long;  
There's never one Sedan in sight  
Of Fleet Street's ever-restless throng;  
While puffing engines, shrieking shrill,  
Disturb the Doctor's Ludgate Hill.

The "Cock" is scarce the cock that crowed  
When Johnson ruled the roost with Noll,  
For folk must hurry on the road,  
Nor linger long at leisure's toll.  
And one, alas! must wander far  
To see the Doctor's Temple Bar.

The Fleet is gone, where died for debt  
How many poetaster wits;  
They could not face misfortune's fret,  
Which never troubled sluggish cits.  
Yet have we still St. Paul's complete,  
In this the One and Only Street.

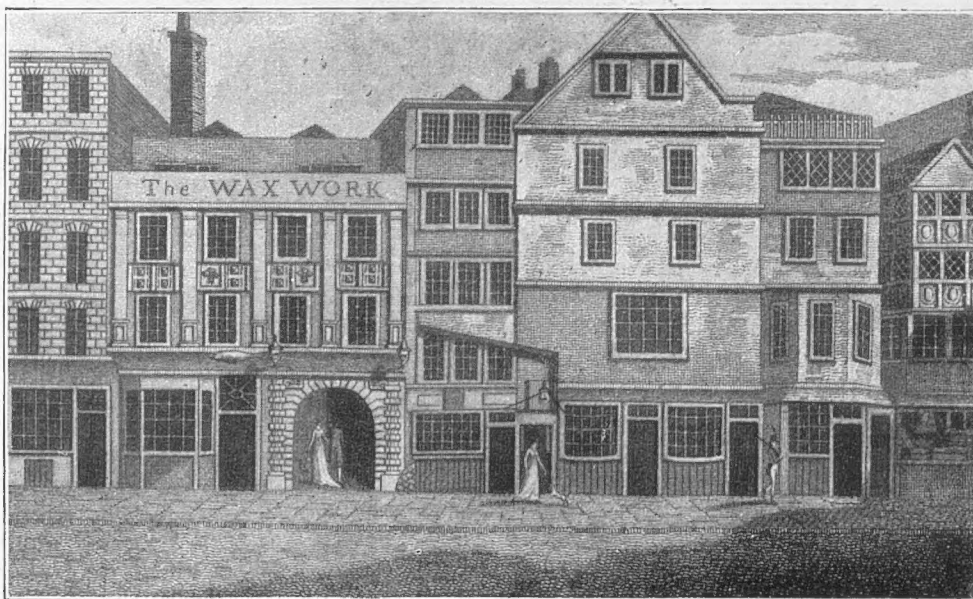
And still St. Bride's salutes the sky  
(While *Punch* stands grinning at the door);  
And Richardson and Lovelace lie  
In peace beneath the trodden floor.  
Yet Letters live, how'er we mope—  
To-day they give us honest *Hope*.

Our Clement Danes is still in view—  
Calm island in the fretful Strand;  
You still may hear from Johnson's pew  
The rector's rhetoric expand.  
The bells, far-famed in nursery rhymes,  
Still jingle with their jangling chimes.

And Fleet Street's Fleet Street, all the same,  
Where men must toil for hours untold,  
Although we may have changed its name  
From "Grub Street" of the days of old,  
For Johnson scorned the patron's mart,  
And dignified the author's art.

The Chair is Empty! Say you so?  
"Twas never Johnson's chair at all!"—  
A thousand times a thousand, No!  
He reigns supreme, and at his call  
The penmen of his race to-night  
Would follow where he led with might.

How much Fleet Street has changed you will see by this old print, which shows the Temple gateway. "The Wax Work" which figures on one side is now a hairdresser's shop, while Child's Bank, still further east, is being rebuilt rapidly.



THE GATE OF THE TEMPLE, FLEET STREET, IN 1807.



Waverley—not the novel, but the famous Abbey near Farnham—is occupying the attention of the Surrey Archaeological Society, and excavations among the ruins executed under its supervision have resulted



WAVERLEY ABBEY.  
Photo by Thomas, Cheapside.

in some interesting discoveries. The foundations of the church and the outline of the monks' dormitories have been laid bare, as have also the kitchens and disciplinary cells. In the cloister, opposite the chapter-house door, the coffin was found of William Manduit, the third Baron of Hanslope, and King's Chamberlain, whose burial took place in 1194, as recorded in the annals of Waverley. Several others were also uncovered. These coffins were of oak, and the wood was almost as sound as on the day it was laid in the earth.

Miss Amalia Küssner has had more successes than those she attained by her miniature-painting. She has been lately winning a great many prizes in America with her favourite horse, a chestnut gelding with white markings, whose name is "Ivanhoe," and who has been shown four times so far, and won three blue ribbons and a championship. In the illustration, the horse is shown in an American trap, as he appeared at the different exhibitions; but Miss Küssner always has him driven in a dainty little brougham, which she ordered especially from Paris, and the smart turn-out, with its popular little occupant, is well-known in the streets of New York.

Roy Devereux has been translated. Her book on woman has been translated, under the title of "L'Émancipée," by Marc Lyon.

Mr. Pinero's "Trelawny of the 'Wells'" has scored an immense success at the Lyceum Theatre, New York, and will run all winter—possibly to June 1.

From a letter just to hand sent by a friend in Kimberley, I learn that, in addition to the usual trade-depression from which all the South of Africa seems to suffer, there is every prospect of a serious famine. Meat has gone up very much in price, and live-stock has more than doubled its value. My correspondent, who is not usually pessimistic, says that a crisis will be reached by Christmas-time, when, if things go



Mary Mannering.

"TRELAWNY OF THE 'WELLS'" HAS PROVED A HUGE SUCCESS  
IN NEW YORK.

on as they have started, Englishmen will have no roast-beef for their Christmas dinner. Cold storage is being tried, but, as my friend says, "we don't know much about the best methods out here; it is our summer season, and railway arrangements are too young to stand a severe strain." The same mail brought me another letter from South Africa, this time from Johannesburg, from which Golden City my correspondent

writes: "Things could not be much worse out here, however hard they tried, and any change must be for the better. Men who came out here with bright hopes of making fortunes walk about the streets glad to get one meal a-day; people who have made their pile see it gradually diminishing." It is to be hoped that some change for the better will come to the South African Republic. There is an excellent chance in Kimberley for the eminent Austrian chemist who was telling us a few weeks ago how to make meat out of albumen.

The pictures published in the *Illustrated London News* of neglected graves of British soldiers who died in Africa have moved Major Harrison, of the Royal Artillery, to write from Athlone to the *Army and Navy Gazette*. He says the sad pictures of the graves of those who at Bronker's Spruit died for their Queen and country have caused him to ask, through the medium of the *Gazette's* columns, any relatives of the dead officers and men to communicate with him, "in order by combined action to prevent a continuance of this scandal." He had ventured to hope "that the care of those graves would be a national and not a personal matter, especially since the establishment of a British Resident at Pretoria." This, however, is but one instance of many, for in almost all our colonies where British troops have been stationed the graveyards are allowed to get into the same sad state. I remember, when in Toronto some years ago, coming across a little plot of ground, enclosed by railway tracks, near the Forts where many British soldiers had been laid to rest. In some cases rough wooden tablets remained standing, while more pretentious headstones had been utterly smashed, by what means it was impossible to say. I have read since that an imposing monument to the officers and men of the 13th Hussars—some of whom had taken part in the Balaclava Charge—has been removed to the



MISS KÜSSNER'S GEE-GEE.  
Photo by Pach, New York.

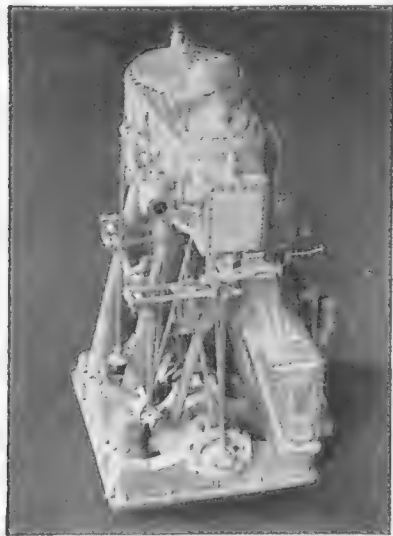
Necropolis of the Lake-side city. What has become of the humbler memorials I cannot say.

While the English, Irish, and Welsh regiments make merry at Christmas, the Scottish regiments, of course, reserve their rejoicings for New Year's Day. Perhaps the most curious custom observed by any regiment is that which the 2nd Seaforth's will celebrate at Dover. On New Year's Eve (Hogmenay Night) the barracks where they are quartered are always the scene of festivity and mirth. At a quarter of an hour before midnight, the battalion forms up in the barrack-square, with the oldest soldier, dressed as "Father Time," and representing the Old Year, mounted on a platform in front. After marching round the square, they arrive at the gate as the clock is striking twelve, in time to hear the challenge of the sentry, "Who goes there?" From outside comes the answer, "The New Year." Instantly the gate is thrown open, "Father Time" is thrust out, torches blaze up, and the scene changes to one of dazzling brilliancy as the "New Year," in the person of the smallest drummer-boy, dressed in Royal Stuart tartan, is carried in. The procession then marches once more around the parade-ground, the pipers playing "A Guid New Year tae Ane an' A'," a halt being made at the Officers' Mess, where "whusky" is dispensed with a lavish hand, and all drink to "the Queen" and "Scotland for ever." Dancing then commences, and many a spirited reel is gone through before the men turn in to snatch a few hours' rest before recommencing the festivities.

Major-General the Hon. Reginald Talbot, C.B., who succeeds Sir Francis Grenfell in command of the British troops in Egypt, is an old Lifeguardsman. He joined the "Patent Safeties" nearly forty years ago, but his first war-service was as a Staff-officer with Colonel Baker Russell's column during the latter part of the Zulu War in 1879. In 1882 he was with his regiment in Egypt, taking part in the various engagements, including Kassassin, Tel-el-Kebir, and El Magfar, and in the capture of Cairo. He commanded the Heavy Camelry in the Nile Expedition of 1884-5, and saw much fighting, and was with the column conveying the sick and wounded which was attacked near Shabacat Wells. He has been twice "mentioned," appointed "A.D.C. to the Queen," and was Military Attaché at Paris from 1889-95. Colonel J. D. P. French, formerly at the head of the 19th Hussars, succeeds Major-General Talbot in command of the Cavalry Brigade at Aldershot.



Here is an elaborate piece of wood-carving, if you like, representing a working set of compound marine-engines, cut out of deal, absolutely to scale, with only a penknife and bradawl as tools, in spite of which the action of the engines is as smooth and regular as possible. As an



A SET OF ENGINES CUT OUT OF WOOD  
WITH A PENKNIFE.

eminent engineer remarked when they were working, "If you shut your eyes, you can imagine yourself passing the Nore light-ship." The model is only ten or eleven inches high, and you will, no doubt, appreciate the difficulties of cutting out the small gear in soft wood. The work, taken up intermittently, occupied Mr. C. H. Price, High Street, Croydon, six months or over. I need not say that the engines work with a handle, as it is, of course, impossible to put steam into them.

The Americans are now so keen on militarism that they are making busy to create military bands. The law scarcely recognises music in the Army of the United States, seeing that it provides for one band only—that of the Military Academy. This band, which is little better

than an apology for a band, being the only one which belongs to the military establishment, it may be interesting to see the number of bands maintained by other countries. Austria supports more than one hundred; Belgium, 29; England, 175; British India, 75; France, 195; Holland, 17; Dutch East Indies, 25; Germany, 357; Italy, 172; Russia, 282; Spain, 91; Sweden, 38; Saxony, 25; the Republic of Ecuador, 6; and Persia, on which we are inclined to look as being but half-civilised, has 56 bands, with an average strength of fifty men each, all provided with the instruments of European bands.

The Spaniards will pay dearly for peace. In Cuba they lose 71,300 square miles, with 1,631,690 inhabitants; in Porto Rico nearly 6000 square miles, with 798,570 inhabitants; in the Philippines, 177,700 square miles, with a population of 7,832,719 inhabitants.

The London "Bobby" should feel a proud man, for he figures on the cover of a strange pamphlet I have just received from Milan. The title-page runs thus, "Il Discorso di un Policeman nel cinquantennio dello Statuto Italiano. Prefazione e traduzione di Umamo." On the back of the title-page you read this legend, "N.B.—La parola Policeman va pronunziata Polisman."

And another imitation is before me in the shape of a German's history of our Navy, for Captain A. Stenzel's "British Navy" has been translated by A. Sonnenschein (and printed in Germany) for Mr. Fisher Unwin. It forms a handsome quarto of 327 pages, and 89 capital illustrations of the most diverse types. For example, there are elaborate plans of Plymouth, Chatham, and Portsmouth Harbours. There are full-page coloured diagrams of uniforms, cuff devices, epaulettes, shoulder-straps, badges, and flags. The book is a sort of manual of naval tactics from first to last, written so that the man in the street can read it with pleasure. It is very German in its delight in detail and thoroughness. The English layman will be astonished at the erudition of this German sailor and at the marvellousness of our own Navy from this book.

Another step towards the full appreciation of women's worth has been taken by the Royal Bavarian Academy of Science, which has made the Princess Theresa of Bavaria one of its members. The Princess, who is the only daughter of the Prince Regent of Bavaria, has travelled extensively through Europe, Siberia, and parts of Africa and Brazil, and has just returned from a scientific tour through South America. Her works on travel (written under the *nom-de-guerre* of Th. v. Bayern) are standard works, and her various journeys are treated entirely from a standpoint of pure science. The Princess was born in 1850, and is at present engaged in recording the observations made during her last tour.



PRINCESS THERESA OF BAVARIA.  
Photo by Müller, Munich.

The Crimean War floated both Lord Armstrong and Sir Henry Bessemer into fame and fortune. Lord Armstrong, who was born on Nov. 26, 1810, has just celebrated his eighty-eighth birthday. The founder of the Elswick Works, Newcastle, was originally a solicitor, with a strong leaning for mechanics, which was gratified during his leisure hours at first, until, in 1847-8, the Elswick engine-works were started; his hydraulic crane, meanwhile, having been a success, paved the way for his after-improvements in ordnance, and the devising of a breech-loading cannon. This brought Government patronage, plenty of business, and world-wide fame to the growing concern, which in recent years has become quite as famous for warship-building. Over eighteen thousand men are employed in the arsenal when things are brisk. Lord Armstrong is at present restoring Bamborough Castle. His own Elizabethan mansion, Crag-side, Rothbury, is fitted up with all the adornments of wealth and taste, and what was once a bare hillside has become one of the most picturesque valleys in Northumberland. The walks and drives have been laid out under the personal superintendence of Lord Armstrong and Mr. Bertram, his intelligent factor, who keeps a record of the rainfall and sunshine daily, which is afterwards published in the *Newcastle Journal*. At present there is being built, under the supervision of Elswick engineers, on Lake Baikal, in connection with the Siberian Railway, a vessel which will be a train-ship and ice-breaker. This is expected to be ready for next year in time for use when the railway on the eastern side comes into working order.

Fanny Beggerstaff was an old woman who for thirty-seven years delivered the letters to the villages between Thame in Oxfordshire and Brill. She died, at the age of sixty-two, in the year 1838. The old woman is still remembered by the older people of Long Crendon, and one ancient inhabitant of this dreamy old village says: "Fanny used to depend on the generosity of the villagers for food while on her round, and, as the arrival of a letter in those days was a rare event, the old woman was always made welcome. On her travels Fanny was accompanied by her husband, an old pedlar, who, with the aid of a thick stick, kept the boys, who loved to torment the old man, at a respectful distance."



A VETERAN POSTWOMAN.

Sir John Cowan, of Beeslack, who was chairman of Mr. Gladstone's committee during the famous Midlothian campaigns, and presided at many of the meetings addressed by the deceased statesman, is one of three Edinburgh High School "boys" still living, who were enrolled as scholars in the second decade of the century. Sir John's old comrades are Sir Douglas Maclagan, brother of the Archbishop of York, and Dr. Moir. He possesses a special claim to distinction, too, as one of a fast diminishing circle who has not merely seen Sir Walter Scott, but been addressed by the great romancist. Sir John Cowan has been relating the circumstances in which he was brought into contact with Sir Walter.

Nearing his home in Moray House, in the Canongate of Edinburgh, in company with his father, one day, they met a man, not tall, but very lame, the Baronet states, and leaning heavily on his walking-stick, and rather shabbily dressed. On his father introducing him to Sir Walter, and remarking that he was at the High School, the novelist replied, shaking him heartily by the hand, "Oh, you are at the High School?—a very excellent institution that. I hope you are a very diligent student." When attending Bonn University some years later, Sir John happened to be waiting the arrival of the steamer one day, and discovered, when the vessel reached the pier, that Sir Walter Scott, on his way home to Abbotsford to die, was on board.

A post-card bearing the post-mark of Glasgow has reached me to this effect—

DEAR *Sketch*,—I have been following with interest what you write regarding the nationality of the Sirdar. As far as I can make out, the Sirdar was born in Ireland, but his parents were English. Of course, you yell and shout he is an Englishman. Another case which is exactly the reverse is that of one who was born in England, but of Scotch parents. You and others called that man an *Englishman*. His name was W. E. Gladstone. Thus, if a man's parents are English, he is of that nationality no matter where he is born; but, if he has the luck to have other parents, he is English if an accident of birth brings him there. Genuine English logic that!

F. R. B.

I have received a circular from Aberdeen asking for subscriptions towards a proposed statue to Byron in that city. This is a matter which concerns only Aberdonians, and they have very little right to ask the general and non-Aberdonian public outside their city and county to subscribe. However, this will meet the eyes of many an Aberdonian the wide world over who finds, as Dr. Johnson has it, "finer prospects" than the Granite City affords, and these gentlemen may send their mite to Mr. Alfred Edwardes, of 267, Union Street, Aberdeen.



Miss Margaret Connolly, who is just nine, and her brother, who is seven, are the Children of the Regiment. Their father is Regimental Sergeant-Major J. Connolly, of the 2nd Battalion Black Watch, and he



MISS MARGARET CONNOLLY AND HER BROTHER.

*Photo by Evelyn, Aldershot.*

has allowed them to give their services to concerts and bazaars in Edinburgh and other towns in Scotland, where they have become very popular through their clever dancing.

The Gordons are not only with us in the flesh—for they got a tremendous reception when they entered Edinburgh the other day—but they are with us in lead, for a new game, called "The Cock of the North," has just been issued for Christmas. You open a tartan-covered box—with Mr. Caton Woodville's striking picture of the piper on the lid—and you encounter five gallant Gordons made of lead, lead, lead, in their dear little coats of red, red, red, and wonderful plumes on their head, head, head. Then there is the piper and four Indians. I shan't explain what you may make the soldiers do. Buy the box, and see. It was made in England, I am pleased to say. It is produced by James Renvoise and Co., of 13, Beresford Road, London.

The appointment of Mr. George Riseley as conductor of the Queen's Hall Choral Society will surprise no one who has followed this energetic musician's career. Although great as an organist, he has always felt special interest in directing the performances of choral forces, and hence the great success which attended his efforts at the last Bristol Festival. When the Royal Choral Society, after the death of Sir Joseph Barnby, were looking about for a conductor, Mr. Riseley became a candidate for the appointment, which was, however, secured by Sir Frederick Bridge. The skilful manner in which Mr. Riseley has directed concerts at the Alexandra Palace no doubt turned the attention of the committee of the Queen's Hall Choral Society towards him, after Mr. Henry J. Wood felt it necessary, on account of the strain involved in conducting two concerts every Sunday, to resign. It is significant of his energy that on the evening of the day he was appointed he conducted a rehearsal. The presence of the Bristol Orpheus Glee Society on several occasions at St. James's Hall has shown Londoners what manner of man Mr. Riseley, their conductor, is. He is now free from the position of organist of Bristol Cathedral; but his connection with some musical societies in that city will still be preserved, and it is settled that he shall conduct the next Bristol Festival.

It is an ill wind that blows nobody any good, and, if the present trouble at the seat of English Opera continues, I should not be at all surprised to see our old friend Colonel Mapleson bobbing up serenely. Time has dealt very gently with the impresario; he is an old man to-day, but "his eye is not dim nor his natural force abated." His elaborate scheme for revival of Italian opera at the new Olympic hung fire only because the investing public preferred to keep its money. The prospectus was a very comprehensive one, and, though the prices were lowered to ordinary theatre rates, it was stated that the venture would pay with the house half-filled. Such untiring industry as Colonel Mapleson's deserves recognition, and, as he enjoys a following even to-day, there will be a distinct place for him if Mr. Faber maintains his present attitude. From the point of view of music, I should welcome two well-established and competitive operatic managements in London. There is room for them if they do not seek to corner the musical market by paying prices for talent that can never be remunerative; the one need not kill the other. Of course, Colonel Mapleson believes that London would welcome another revival of the Italian Opera.

In the days of my youth I was for a short time on very friendly terms with a troupe of gentlemen who sang on the sands at Bournemouth. I attended their performance regularly, and subsidised it to the extent of at least sixpence a day, so that, not unnaturally, the hearts of the troupe opened to me, and their leader told me where he rehearsed and how he earned his living in the winter. There were four of the performers, and they stood in a row to sing; but when they had sung they would change places—number one would change with number three, and number four with number two. These mysterious movements puzzled me deeply, so one day I increased my donation to a shilling and asked the reason of the change. The head man told me that this mystery constituted "moving on" within the meaning of the Act, and made the police powerless to charge him with causing a crowd to assemble. I think my friend was labouring under a misapprehension, but it showed his respect for the Law. I am reminded of the old troupe and their methods by the action of the Queen's Hall authorities after the prohibition of the London County Council in regard to Sunday concerts. Mr. Newman simply calls the performance by another name, and outraged Law permits the concerts to continue.

At this season of the year I notice that many butchers keep their Christmas cattle in their shops between the times of purchase and killing. Some people say that the practice is positively cruel, others deny the cruelty; nobody can commend the habit. It is in keeping with the other disgusting practice dear to butchers of hanging sheep out over the pavement with all the marks of butchery upon them. The method of killing sheep by piercing their necks, as practised in England, cannot be compared for a moment on humane grounds with the Continental method of a clean cut that nearly severs the head from the body and lets the life out almost instantly. Our shops are thus witnesses to cruelty at all times; but, since a butcher would naturally resent instructions or suggestions from his customers as to killing, there is nothing to be done. On the other hand, ladies could, if they would, stop the nauseating exhibition of live cattle in butchers' shops. Let them protest, and say they will have no meat from animals exposed in this manner among the carcasses already prepared for the customer, and our eyes would no longer be offended by a sight that is all too common now.

Miss Katie Graves was such a bright girl that her friends were thunderstruck by the news that she had hanged herself last Sunday week. She was only twenty-four years of age, and her professional career was full of promise. For three years she took part with Mr. Penley in "Charley's Aunt"; she had also appeared at Drury Lane, and was to play in the Theatre Royal pantomime, Manchester. Indeed,



MISS KATIE GRAVES.

*Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.*

she was to have started for the North on the very day she ended her life. Her father has many friends in the profession, and, when Mr. William Terriss was murdered, Mr. Graves seized the assailant, Prince, and handed him over to the police.



Those who think that the Gissing and Morrison views of East-End life are realistic without being real may convince their sceptical souls of the contrary any evening of the year by a visit to Lady Edmund Talbot's Club for Catholic Girls in Johnson Street, Commercial Road East. The most submerged atoms of the classic Tenth are, perhaps, to be found here, where, four years ago, one brave woman with a handful of willing coadjutors planted the flag of an almost forlorn hope. No mere words can convey a sense of the surroundings in which the girls live who now go nightly to this home of pleasant refuge.

The last of the three "Gordon Dances" which were inaugurated in aid of the Gordon Hospital took place at the Galleries of the Royal Society last week. Judging from the well-filled state of both large rooms, this excellent charity should benefit more than a little from the festivities arranged on its behalf. Captain and Mrs. Allpress brought a party; so did Mr. Arthur Pearson.

The advent of Noël and the Jour de l'An are awaited by a very large proportion of Parisian householders with a feeling that is akin to terror. The legislator, who would get an enactment passed by Parliament rendering it penal to bestow a single *étrenne*, would assuredly be regarded by many thousands of our neighbours as a great public benefactor. Not only have you to bestow largess upon the innumerable army of persons whom you discover have been ministering to your creature comforts, but you are forced in addition by an unwritten but none the less binding law to send presents to every single person of your acquaintance. The amount disbursed for *étrennes* annually by a French family of moderate means bears a proportion to the total income that would appear well-nigh incredible to our own austere moralists. The problem of how to meet this "extraordinary" expenditure is the subject

of anxious debate for weeks beforehand. The traditional and comparatively economical gift of sweetmeats or flowers is no longer as acceptable as it used to be. Ladies let their friends understand plainly that they expect something of more practical utility, preferably something that they can hand down to their children as a family heirloom. The custom has, in fact, attained such a pitch that a reaction is inevitable.

The *Booksellers' and Newsagents' Review* send me a substantial catalogue with their handsomely decorated cover. There is an excellent summary of the book-market of the year. Another interesting publication of similar character is the *Publisher's Circular Christmas Number*, which contains more than two hundred and fifty pages



COVER OF THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF THE "BOOKSELLERS' AND NEWSAGENTS' REVIEW."

of letterpress and illustration, got up in a thoroughly handsome style, and a glance through it indicates that, even from an artistic point of view, our day is a day of black-and-white art.

A correspondent writes to me in reference to my recent somewhat jocular inquiry as to whether my friend Dr. Clifford's multitudinous following reads *The Sketch*—

You express a question whether Nonconformists read your journal—I am one, and do so with pleasure weekly, and must congratulate you upon so spiritedly catering for instruction and amusement. May you ever encourage the *higher* and *purer* forms of art is the wish of—  
YOUR CORRESPONDENT.

A Happy Christmas and Prosperous Year to you and all your staff.

The gaiety of nations was certainly much enhanced—on the part of their diplomatic representatives, at any rate—when a brilliant ball took place last week at the French Embassy in Constantinople. M. Bapst has started well, and people now begin to hope that the splendid salons of the Embassy—so long closed to such reunions owing chiefly to the late Madame Cambon's ill-health—will become once more halls of light and leading under the new régime. All the Embassies were well represented. Sir Philip Currie is already installed in the Italian capital. Lady Currie arrives shortly, and will, it is anticipated, entertain largely this winter.

The Sirdar is again in Egypt. On his return to Alexandria after the Battle of Omdurman, he was entertained at a banquet presided over by Vice-Admiral Sir George Morice Pasha, who has an interesting history. Sir George entered the Navy so long ago as May 1851, when he served in the *London*, ninety guns, in the Black Sea during the Crimean War, was present at the Battle of the Alma, bringing off the wounded, at the bombardment of Sebastopol, and at the blockade of that city. He served in the *Acorn*, employed in the blockade of the Canton River, exposed to constant night-attacks from boats, fire-rafts, and infernal machines, by one of the latter of which the *Acorn* was nearly destroyed. He then served in the *Staunch* at the action of

Escape Creek, the destruction of a flotilla of war-junks at Fatshau, the capture of Canton, and the destruction of the Peiho Forts. He was in the *Staunch* when she was attacked by four piratical junks mounting forty guns (the *Staunch* carried two 24-pounder howitzers and a crew of thirty-seven), and, after an action of eight hours, succeeded in capturing and destroying three junks and thirty guns. For this service he was promoted to Lieutenant. He afterwards served in the Anglo-Chinese force, and, in command of the *Hardy* in the Yang-tse-Kiang, was repeatedly employed in protection of British property from Chinese troops, a duty attended with great risk. In 1871 he entered the service of the Khedive, by sanction of our Government. He received the rank of Bey and Post-Captain in 1874, the rank of Pasha and Rear-Admiral in 1877, and the rank of Ferik Pasha, or Vice-Admiral, from the Sultan in 1886. He is a Grand Officer of the Osmanieh and Medjidieh, and has also the decoration of the Order of Franz Joseph. He was made a C.M.G. in 1892.



VICE-ADMIRAL SIR GEORGE MORICE PASHA.

The Parisians are dissatisfied with their new Government comic-opera house, inaugurated last week. They complain that it is uncomfortable, and that it is faulty in art. They say that the salle is stuffy, and the stage too small; that the boxes are without dressing-rooms, that the orchestra stalls are cramped, and that it is impossible for the great part of the audience to hear or to see the stage. As for the art, the façade is execrable, and the interior decorations are badly disposed. There is but one thing commended—the means of exit are said to be very superior, which praise is part irony.

If these criticisms are founded, there is cause for surprise. How is it possible that this new monument of Paris is not the last word of science and art? The Government has given eleven years to it, five years in actual construction, and spent on it the nice little sum of five million francs. It has had for architect a *Grand Prix de Rome*; it has had the oversight of a Minister of Fine Arts, with his department of numerous specialists, among whom a Director of Civil Buildings and National Palaces; it has had the collaboration of the most celebrated sculptors and painters of Paris, among whom Falguière, Puch, François Fleming, Maignan, Collin, Toudouze, to say nothing of Benjamin-Constant, by whom the ceiling has been done. Its builders have had, finally, at their disposition for study, the newest fangles in theatres all over the world. How is it possible that, with all this collaboration and all this official machinery and all this time and money, the new Opéra-Comique is not a masterpiece?

Tom Smith and Sons send me an interesting collection of crackers, bright and gay—crackers deliciously scented, suitable for decorating a dinner-table; crackers containing toys, which will be a joy to children;



TOPICAL CHRISTMAS CRACKERS.

crackers of the most topical kind, as, for example, those which deal with our recent victories in the Soudan, and others that deal with Klondyke. These last contain beautifully made thermometers and other practicalities. Altogether, Tom Smith and Sons are the sole survivors of the joyousness of Christmas at this end of the century.



## PANTOMIME IN THE NURSERY.

In a few days all the important theatres in the kingdom will bubble over with pantomime. And yet we need not go to the theatre for the charm of masquerade. Far away in New Zealand did the little folk I picture on this page play at the art of make-believe, and the nursery perpetually does the same. Is not the mass of books for children which the season

"Child's World," and to Eugene Field's delightful verses for little folks. Rands was a strange soul whose biography it would be difficult to write; but he had charm, and he understood the nursery. This volume abundantly proves that.

Another nursery-book which I am sure my young friends in New Zealand would appreciate is "Bunkalooloo," by Mary L. Marshall, illustrated by Mr. Vane Turner, and published by the house of Partridge. Bunkalooloo was a white toy-monkey with wondrous eyes and teeth.



PLAYING AT PANTOMIME.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HERMAN, WELLINGTON, NEW ZEALAND.

invariably produces proof of this? In a previous issue I ventured on a *vade mecum* on the nursery literature of the season. To-day I encounter an old favourite in a new garb, for the songs of W. B. Rands—whom you will not find in "The Dictionary of National Biography"—have been issued by Mr. John Lane, and illustrated by Mr. Charles Robinson, under the title of "Lilliput Lyrics." It is thirty years since Rands' "Lilliput Levee" appeared. Last year Mr. Bowden republished the "Lilliput Lectures." To-day Mr. Lane gives us "Lilliput Levee" as a sort of companion volume to Stevenson's "Child's Garden," to Gabriel Setoun's

One day he became the property of a dear little boy, who loved but lost him. He was found by some riotous children, who did not respect him and led him a sad life, until one day their nurse sent poor old Bunkalooloo to the Children's Hospital, where he brightened the last days of a poor dying child and was afterwards kept by kind Sister Agatha in her treasure-box. There are other stories in the book—"The Enchanted Goldfish," "The Jangler," and so on—which will be very welcome when little people gather round the nursery fire in the twilight with the never-failing request: "Please tell us a story."



## IN THE HUNTING-FIELD.

Herewith I give the first picture that has yet been published of the Hambledon Hounds, who held their meet at West End Estate, Hambledon. The Master is the Hon. Frederick Baring, son of the late Lord Ashburton; and I give the picture of Mrs. Baring on her hunter, which has won several prizes.

Mr. F. M. Lutyens has achieved the rare feat of writing a really good hunting-story in "Mr. Spinks and His Hounds" (Vintons), of which a second edition has just been published. The manœuvres of an old servant to discredit the abilities of the "gentleman huntsman" by whom he has been supplanted form the backbone of the tale, and his success in ousting the adventurer "Capt. G." brings the book to the necessary happy conclusion. Old Peter's schemes are cleverly conceived and well carried out by a writer who knows what he is talking about and does not lack humour; and, if some of these deep-laid schemes of the crafty old huntsman prove rather beyond the understanding of non-hunting readers, they will delight those for whose delectation the book has been written. The love interest is kept in judicious subordination.

All hunting-men, more especially those who take an interest in hounds and their work, will welcome Mr. Cuthbert Bradley's "Reminiscences of Frank Gillard" (Arnold). For six-and-twenty years Gillard was huntsman to the famous Belvoir pack, and it would be strange indeed if he could not tell of good sport with the hounds he did so much to improve. One of his duties was to keep a diary in which he recorded the events of every hunting-day for the information of the Duke of Rutland, and this diary has been a veritable mine to the industrious biographer. The book naturally resolves itself into a history of the doings of the Belvoir Hounds while Gillard held

office, and an exceedingly readable history hunting-men will find it. Mr. Bradley can use his pencil as well as his pen, and many of the drawings which illustrate the book are exceedingly good—the work of a sportsman as well as an artist.

Shooting-men and landowners for some time past have had cause to complain of the supineness of the Inland Revenue authorities in connection with breaches of the Gun and Dog Licence Acts. The officials are quick to come down upon anybody who omits to take out a licence if he be in a position to pay fine and costs when summonsed; but they regard with lenient eye the poor poacher who, if haled before the Bench, would take the unprofitable course of going to jail. He, therefore, is allowed to pursue the even tenor of his unrighteous way with unlicensed gun and untaxed dog.

The position taken up by the Inland Revenue towards unlicensed guns and dogs is aggravated by its proceedings towards perfectly innocent offenders in better pecuniary circumstances. A very glaring case of this has just been exposed. It has for years been the practice of each yacht club during the regatta season to make visitors from a distance, who come to race their vessels, honorary members of the club for the few days the regatta lasts. The Sea View Yacht Club, following the usual practice, did this a little time ago, and among the "visitors" was an individual in orthodox yachting kit who ordered and obtained his lunch, with beer, whisky-and-soda, and a cigarette. The visitor was a spy of the Excise, and, on his

report, the Department issued three summonses against each of the Sea View Yacht Club committee for selling beer, spirits, and tobacco without licence to a person who was not a member of the club, and accepted £5 in settlement before the day of hearing arrived. The system of employing spies is objectionable enough, and in this instance it was wholly unjustifiable.



THE HON. MRS. BARING.



THE HAMBLETON HUNT.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY CRIBB, SOUTHSEA.



## MAINLY ABOUT THE CHRISTMAS TURKEY.

These are sorrowful times in the councils of the Vegetarian Society. The annual massacre of the turkeys is in full swing, and geese walk abroad fearfully, knowing that the season breeds plots inimical to their peace. The duck, the chicken, the hare, even the humble rabbit, has to realise that the hungry season of Man is about to begin.

Why the Christmas taste should run so much in the direction of turkey is not easy to say. There is no traditional association, as there is with mistletoe and mince-pies, for the turkey is a comparatively recent immigrant to these shores. The truth is, no doubt, that, as he is an estimable and a succulent bird, in spite of his little faults of temper, and as he is accommodating enough to be in good condition in December, he is naturally chosen as chief victim. In view of the interest which at present attaches to his personality (writes a *Sketch* representative), I sought out Mr. Charles Edward Brooke (of the firm of Brooke Brothers, Central Market), Past-Master of the Poulterers' Company, who knows as much as anybody can know about the Christmas trade in poultry.

I desired first to know where the Christmas turkeys came from.

"I am sorry to say," said Mr. Brooke, "that the greater part of the supply comes from abroad. We are getting, for example, some twenty thousand turkeys from the Honfleur and Gien districts in France."

I speculated as to the exact sentiments of Honfleur and Gien on the Fashoda question.

"Then, too, great numbers are coming this year from Austria and Italy. Canada, also, which got the breed from us, is supplying an excellent quality, and we also get some birds from New Zealand."

"I hope I shall be able to state that the English turkey is the best?"

"There is no doubt of that. The finest of all come from Cambridgeshire and Norfolk—exactly why I can hardly say.

Probably because the farmers give more attention to proper care and feeding, on which, of course, everything depends. Ireland, too, is an important source of supply."

"The Christmas turkey is, I suppose, most closely run by the Christmas goose?"

"Well, there is one thing I can say. Since the smaller Italian and Austrian turkeys—say from 7 to 10 lb.—came into the market, a section of the public has shown a distinct preference for them over geese of the same size. For one thing, they are not so wasteful—a point which appeals to every judicious housewife."

The Christmas goose has much the same geographical distribution as the turkey. He comes largely from France, and, with his best flavour, from Cambridgeshire and thereabout. The Fen district is, quite naturally, the main source of the duck-supply. The Surrey fowls are, perhaps, better than any others, but Boston is also famous for its chickens, and Essex has a good name. The English fowl is distinctly improving, and to that extent the French trade is falling off. Hares, in the absence of an English supply—they are not plentiful this year—you can get from Russia, New Zealand, and Australia.

Disease has worked havoc with the game. In one estate, said Mr. Brooke, the supply of pheasants has fallen off one-half, and birds which last year cost eighteenpence are this Christmas sold at half-a-crown. Partridges also are very scarce.

Mr. Brooke is, by the way, a firm believer in the possibilities of the English poultry industry. As a matter of fact, he is personally responsible for much of the improvement which has taken place of recent years. Since 1894 the Poulterers' Company, at his instigation, has been in every possible way urging the British farmer to devote time and attention to this subject. The combined influence of lectures and prize medals has been so satisfactory that the figures at the Smithfield Show last week proved that the British breeder was now beating the foreigner in a field where a few years ago he was not able to hold his own. That the Smithfield Show of Poultry was the best ever held in London is

a matter of much gratification to Mr. Brooke and the Company, and, of course, it augurs well for a merry Christmas.

The slaying of fowls is, naturally, a painful topic for the tender-hearted reader, but, as no way has yet been devised of providing a tolerable Christmas dinner without slaughter, a passing reference may be permitted. The method is fairly familiar to all who have ever lived in the vicinity of a farmyard. As kittens must be drowned, so fowls must have their necks broken. But it is not so well known that the doomed bird meets—or ought to meet—its death fasting. Thus only can it receive the fullest blessings on its corpse. For eighteen hours before its death it should taste neither food nor water.

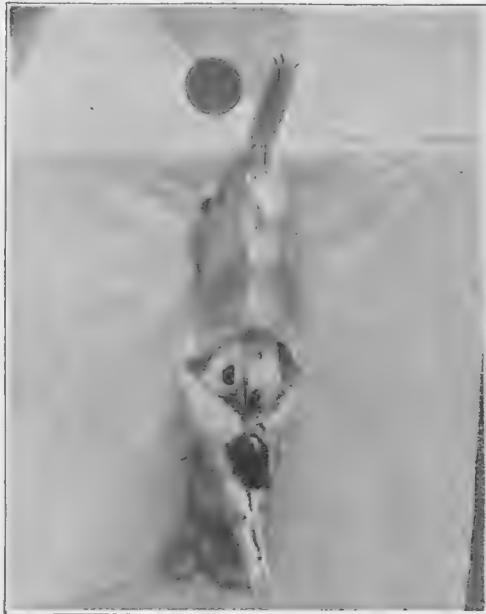
Mr. Brooke had also something to say about the Christmas egg, which does not differ from other eggs except in being unusually scarce. I learned from him that an egg is "new-laid," in the language of the trade, if it has not been out of the nest more than seven days. After that, without going exactly bad, its internal economy will, if the egg remains in one position, become more or less

disorganised, so that you can hear the contents "rattle" when you shake it. English eggs are, it need hardly be said, the best for England, and Mr. Brooke thinks that farmers would do well to devote more attention to that particular branch.

The thing, however, is to give great care and attention to detail in the matter of food. Nothing is more important in poultry-farming than the question of pure water. Chickens will drink mud rather than nothing, but it is bad for the constitution. And ducks prefer to be cleanly as well as aquatic. Mr. Brooke knows of some who would waddle a quarter of an hour's journey in quest of water pure enough to suit their fastidious tastes.

## NOTE.

*The Sketch* will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the offices of the International News Company, 83 and 85, Duane Street, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide, and Perth, W.A.; Christchurch, Wellington, Auckland, and Dunedin, New Zealand.



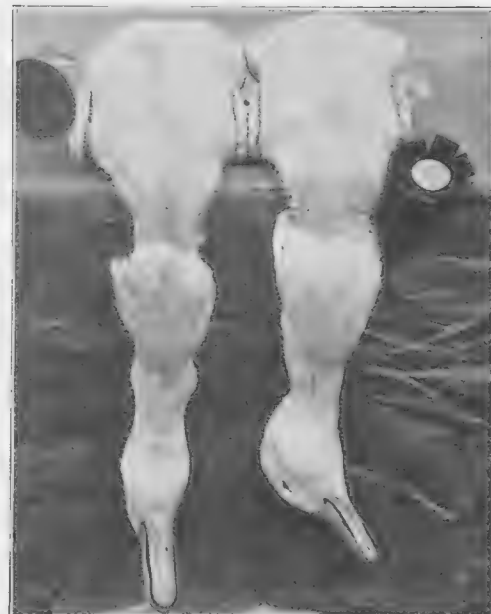
MR. GEORGE CERVILL'S BELGIAN RABBIT  
(Which took the First Prize).



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MR. W. TECHENER'S DORKING COCKERELS.



MR. W. POTTER'S AYLESBURY DUCKS.

THE PICK OF THE POULTERER'S PALACE.



# THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

## MR. CANTON'S "CHILD'S BOOK OF SAINTS."\*

From Mr. Dent we may always expect beautiful books, but he has surpassed himself in the production of "A Child's Book of Saints," which, as a piece of fine taste and perfect workmanship, has no rival among the Christmas books of the present year. But this publisher is as honourably solicitous about the literary worth of his books as he is about their production, and the name of Mr. Canton is a guarantee for delicate, beautiful, and original writing. Mr. Canton is not a prolific author—George Augustus Sala was accustomed to say that the adjective "prolific" should be reserved for pigs—but the little he has written will live. His volumes, "The Invisible Playmate" and "W. V.," have a haunting touch of genius, and they have no rival as faithful and tender records at first-hand of the child-mind. They are, however, written—as "A Child's Book of Saints" is written—with a spontaneity that almost disguises the skill of the artist. In writing "A Child's Book of Saints," Mr. Canton had no common task. The beautiful stories of saints and angels have never yet been put in a fitting literary vesture, or rather, we should say, Mr. Canton is the first to provide them with a clothing of wrought gold. To take these stories and make them Catholic in the full sense, and bring them home to the hearts and imaginations of English children, it was necessary for the writer to conceive and produce a style of his own—a style in which to render them adequately. Throughout this volume the writing is fascinating and musical. With all its beauty and grace, it has a certain serious depth. I would not say that every phrase is right. For example, "the community listened with wrapt attention" is certainly wrong, and I have marked two other instances which are questionable, to say the least. But, upon the whole, as English writing, a style fitted to the substance, few books are more triumphantly successful. The result is a volume for children of all ages—a pioneer work, in short, pointing to the accomplishment of a still greater task, a classical collection of the lives of the Saints.

What is, perhaps, even a greater difficulty has been faced and surmounted. These stories are for the first time made accessible and winsome to Christians of all schools. Protestants have envied Catholics their great Christian books, and Catholics have laid forcible hold on such a purely Protestant writer as John Bunyan. It is told by Bunyan's biographer that a monk at Beyrout expressed his warm admiration for the "Pilgrim's Progress." "I read this book," said the monk, "during the long winter evenings, and feel quite delighted to think that your Protestant friends have at least one good book to offer us." In 1852 an edition of the "Pilgrim's Progress" was published in France and authorised by a Doctor of the Sorbonne. Giant Pope was left out, and prayers were bound up at the end to be said before the Holy Mass and after the Holy Mass, together with anthems to the Holy Virgin. John Mason Neale, whose fine genius should have saved him from such a blunder, translated the "Pilgrim's Progress," and gave it as he thought Bunyan should have written it, and would have with more knowledge. In this version Christian loses his burden not at the foot of the Cross, but after dipping himself three times in a well in the garden at the Gate. Giant Pope is turned into Giant Mahomet; Worldly Wiseman and Legality are left out. The scene in the House Beautiful is turned into the ceremony of Confirmation and of First Communion, and the dusty room in the House of the Interpreter is made a symbol of the heart of a man who was never regenerated by Baptism. Mr. Canton has perpetrated no such stupendous crassitude. What is peculiarly distinctive of Roman Catholicism is omitted or abated. For example, there is little or no reference to the Blessed Virgin, but the book will be equally pleasing to the Protestant and the Catholic.

As to the literal truth of these stories, Mr. Canton takes up a wise position. He quotes from that excellent Catholic, Count de Maistre. He quotes a legend in which Satan is represented as asking God, "Why hast thou condemned me who have offended Thee but once, while Thou savest thousands of men who have offended Thee many times?" God answered him, "Hast thou once asked pardon of me?" De Maistre goes on, "Behold the Christian mythology! It is the dramatic truth which has its worth and effect independently of the literal truth, and which even gains nothing by being fact." What matter whether the saint had or had not heard the sublime words which I have just quoted?

The great point is to know that pardon is refused only to him who does not ask it. Mr. Canton tells us himself that when he told these stories to his little daughter, and when the legends neared the awful brink of religious controversies and insoluble mysteries, the little maid could always fling a bridge of flowers over our abysses. Our sense, she would declare, is nothing to God's, and, though big people have more sense than children, the sense of all the big people in the world put together would be nothing to His. Perhaps one might say that what this book teaches is that the passion for perfection is not a snare. Once grant that, and much is granted with it. To believe that, as Amiel says, is to escape from the great wheel of existence.

One story may be summarised as a specimen of Mr. Canton's quality. It is called "The Guardians of the Door," and tells of an orphan girl far away in a little village on the edge of the moors. At night, and especially on a winter night, "the darkness was so wide and so lonely that it was hard not to feel afraid sometimes." Mary was fourteen when she lost her father. Her mother had died when she was a little child, but she got enough from the people of the village to keep her wheel always busy. People often wondered how such a father could have had such a child. She was as sweet and unexpected as the white flowers on the bare and rugged branches of the blackthorn. By her father she had been taught nothing, and all she could recollect of her mother's instruction was a little rhyme which she used to repeat on her knees beside the bed every night before she went to sleep. This was the rhyme—

God bless this house from thatch to floor,  
The twelve Apostles guard the door,  
And four good Angels watch my bed,  
Two at the foot and two the head.—Amen.

Strange stories about the child began to be whispered about the village. People happening to pass by the old hut late at night declared that they had seen a light shining through the chinks of the window-shutter when all honest people should have been asleep. There were others who said they had seen strange men standing in the shadow of the eaves. They might have been highwaymen, they might have been smugglers; no one could tell. The village gossip reached the ears of the white-headed Vicar, and he sent for the girl, and questioned her closely. She told him that she knew nothing of any lights or of any men, and she repeated to him her prayer. "There could not be a better prayer, dear child," rejoined the Vicar with a smile. "Go home now, and do not be troubled by what idle tongues may say. Every night repeat your little prayer, and God will take care of you." Late in the night the Vicar lit his lantern, and walked slowly up the road towards the cottage on

the moor. When he saw the old hovel, he stopped suddenly, for there, as he had been told, a thread of bright light came streaming through the shutters of the small window. By the faint glimmer of the stars, he was able to make out that there were several persons standing under the eaves, and apparently whispering together. The good old man advanced boldly to confront the intruders, but, when the light fell upon their forms and faces, he was struck with awe and amazement, and stood gazing as still as a stone. The men were of another age and another world, strangely clothed in long garments, and majestic in appearance. One carried a lance, another a pilgrim's staff, and a third a battle-axe; but the chief of all held in his hand two large keys. In a moment the Vicar guessed who they were, and fell upon his knees; but the strangers melted into the darkness. He moved towards the light in the window, when suddenly an invisible hand stretched a naked sword across his path, and a low, deep voice spoke to him in solemn warning: "It is the light of angels. Do not look; a blindness will fall upon you even as it fell upon me on the Damascus road." "Let me look," said the Vicar. "Better one glimpse of the angels than a thousand years of earthly sight." And he had his wish. He saw a corner of the rude bed, and beside the corner, one above the other, three great, dazzling wings. The child's prayer had been answered. Her door was guarded by the twelve Apostles, and her bed was watched by four good Angels.—W. R. NICOLL.

## THE MAIDEN'S POSY. (RUFINUS.)

Take, Rhodoeleia, my gift, this garland of exquisite flowers,  
Which these hands have entwined fondly thy temples to bind—  
Lily and red rose cup, and anemone sparkling with showers,  
Nodding narcissus and lush violet, darkest of blush,  
Wherewith circling thy brow, ah! believe, if disdainful it lowers,  
Even thy maiden bloom surely as these shall consume.

TRANSLATED BY ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES.



THE COVER OF "A CHILD'S BOOK OF SAINTS."

\* "A Child's Book of Saints." By William Canton. With Nineteen Full-Page Illustrations by T. H. Robinson. London: J. M. Dent and Co.



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WAITING FOR SANTA CLAUS

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY PITTUCK, PLYMOUTH.



THE GOOSE-GIRL.



## THE ART OF THE DAY.

A few weeks ago a brief allusion was made in the columns of *The Sketch* to a remarkable innovation in photography, due to the investigations of two Frenchmen, by which pictures equal, and in some respects superior, to any taken by the most elaborate apparatus, could be made by means of a box costing but a few pence to manufacture, a sensitive plate, and a needle, without the intervention of any objective. The principle of such a box, it is almost needless to say, is far from being a recent discovery, and the aforesaid allusion has brought me a host of letters. One correspondent reminds me that a little book, entitled "*Stenopaic or Pin-hole Photography*," has been on the market for some years. Pin-hole cameras with one dry-plate complete, for the small price of one penny, were on sale in England three years ago, and there have been a great number of articles on pin-hole photography in the various photographic journals any time during the past thirty-five years. Another correspondent, from Alloa, says—

This is how to proceed. Cut a hole the size of a threepenny-piece in the middle of one end of the box, glue the cardboard over it, and then make a clean hole with a fine-pointed needle in the cardboard. Fix the sensitive plate at the opposite end of the box—which, by the way, should be blackened inside—with four drawing-pins. Wrap the whole thing in a ply or two of brown paper, so as to exclude all light except that entering by the pin-hole, which, of course, remains uncovered, and your apparatus is ready. You have nothing to do now but place the box in front of the view, and sunlight will "do the rest." The necessary exposure will vary according to the length of the box, the intensity of the light, and the size of the pin-hole, and may extend from five to twenty minutes or more. A few experiments will soon give one an idea of how long to expose. Owing to the length of exposure required, this method of photography is of no use for instantaneous work or for taking moving objects, but it has some advantages over the lens. In landscape-work, for example, it gives more artistic definition than a lens, it gives unlimited depth of focus, and, in architecture, gives perfect perspective for lines.

The correspondent encloses two specimens done with a cigar-box camera on this principle by a little boy five or six years ago.

My original correspondent, to whom I submitted the letters, writes as follows in reply—

It has been known for at least three centuries, and probably far longer, that light admitted through a small aperture into a dark chamber paints a picture of external objects on the opposite wall of the chamber. When the means of fixing this picture was discovered, photography was born. The simplified form of camera, with a needle-hole in the side instead of a lens, through which the light is admitted, has remained up to the present little more than the demonstration of a scientific principle, however, most of the results obtained having been far from satisfactory. Until recently, it seems to have been the current opinion that successful photography without a lens was a great deal the result of chance. Any pin or needle was good enough to make the hole for the admission of the light; there was no focal point at which the sensitive plate should be placed; and no precaution whatever was necessary except to set the plate so that the angle of view desired was included.

Captain Colson, a Professor at the École Polytechnique, the leading scientific school in France, was, apparently, one of the first to go into the matter thoroughly, and to show that photography without an objective was not the haphazard affair it had been assumed to be. He proved that, like every other phenomenon, it was subject to precise laws which he formulated in a work issued some years ago. The calculations he gave were so elaborate, however, that it seemed hopeless to turn them to practical account, and, as a matter of fact, they would probably have remained buried in oblivion had not an old pupil of the École Polytechnique, M. Combe, given his attention to the subject some three years ago, in order to divert the current of his thoughts from a great loss he had sustained through the death of a favourite son. One of his first attempts was made with a small and badly executed portrait of his son, which he tried to enlarge. The result was a likeness so striking that M. Combe was encouraged to persevere. After a long series of trials, he succeeded in reducing Captain Colson's formulæ to simple rules of three. The length of the focus—that is, the distance at which the plate must be set from the hole—varies with the diameter of the hole. A difference of a hundredth part of a millimètre in the diameter of the hole involves a difference in the focus of about three-quarters of an inch. To measure a hundredth part of a millimètre requires, however, a very ingenious person indeed. The device adopted by M. Combe is simplicity itself, just as was the method resorted to by Columbus for making an egg stand on end. He takes a hundred needles of the same standard and make, lays them close together side by side, measures the lot in millimètres, and divides the result by 100. He then says, a hole made with a needle of such a standard has a diameter of so many hundredths of a millimètre, and requires the sensitive

plate to be set at such a distance. In this way he has drawn up a table showing at a glance the exact diameter of the hole made by each size of needle and the corresponding focal distance necessary in order to give the maximum of clearness in the picture. Without a lens a much longer time of exposure is required than with one, but, in a good light, from thirty seconds to two minutes generally suffices, so that this objection is not so serious as it appears. It such conditions it is, of course, out of the question to take instantaneous photographs, but, on the other hand, views of buildings, monuments, or landscapes may be taken without being afraid that any moving objects in the field of view will appear on the picture and spoil it. In photographing landscapes, M. Combe has achieved some marvellous results, the correct value of every object and the perspective being exhibited in a manner that could hardly be obtained even with the most perfect lens that was ever constructed. It is perhaps, however, in enlarging photographs that the best results have been obtained. Most of the small accidental imperfections in the original, which by the ordinary methods of enlargement are exaggerated, entirely disappear, and the features stand out with a relief that can only be described as lifelike. M. Combe has embodied the result of his investigations in a small volume, which will shortly be published in Paris, showing how anyone possessed of a few shillings and a moderate stock of intelligence can turn out work that the most expert and best-equipped photographer would not be ashamed to own.

The people of Eife have just been commemorating Sir David Wilkie, who was born in the parish of Culter in 1785. A handsome hall has been opened at Pitlessie—made famous by the picture of "*Pitlessie Fair*"—to perpetuate the memory of the great painter. Sir David Wilkie was a popular painter. His simple, truthful pictures were liked both by

rich and poor. He was to Scotland what Jan Steer was to Holland, only he depicted the character of the times without any of the coarse humour of the Dutchman. He might be called a pictorial Sir Walter Scott. His work still appeals to us for its rich, vivid colouring, and broad, masculine touch. After the success of his first picture, "*Pitlessie Fair*"—in which the worthies of the village, including his father, the clergyman, are given with extraordinary reality—the young painter set out for London. He at once made a name for himself, and produced in quick succession "*The Village Politicians*," "*The Blind Fiddler*," and "*The Jew's Harp*." At the age of twenty-six he was elected an Academician, and, two

years later, he painted a large portrait of the Regent, afterwards King George IV. The Duke of Wellington, Sir Robert Peel, and Sir George Beaumont were among his patrons and admirers. In 1822 he returned to Scotland, and took sketches in Edinburgh for his large pictures of "*King George receiving the Keys of the City at Holyrood*" and for his "*John Knox preaching before the Lords of Convention at St. Andrews*." At this time he visited Scott at Abbotsford, and painted the Scott family attired in the garb of South Country peasants.

On the death of Sir Henry Raeburn, Wilkie was made King's Limner for Scotland. Bad health compelled him to leave England, and for three years he travelled in France, Italy, Austria, and Spain. Returning to England in 1828, he was cordially welcomed, just missed being elected President of the Royal Academy, and was commissioned to paint the newly enthroned Queen presiding over the first State Council. The Duke of Argyll, the Duke of Wellington, Lord Palmerston, Sir Robert Peel, and Lord John Russell are among the Ministers. Wilkie, writing to a friend, said, "*The Queen appoints me a sitting once in two days, and she never puts me off*." It was exhibited in 1838.

His last exhibit was in 1840. The "*John Knox*" remains unfinished in the National Gallery in Edinburgh. It reveals his best qualities as a rich colourist. In 1841, Wilkie started for the East in feeble health. He was charmed with Constantinople, and succeeded in doing many very brilliant sketches. The Oriental colouring suited his decorative palette. Later on, he visited Beyrout, Jaffa, and Jerusalem—"that most interesting city in the world." He sailed from Damietta, feeling far from well, and, after Malta, he grew worse, and died on June 1, just as the ship had left Gibraltar. They put back, but the authorities refused to take the body, so the great painter was reverently laid in a watery grave.



THE SEINE, FROM THE BRIDGE OF BOUGIVAL, NEAR PARIS.

A Photograph taken without a lens by M. Combe, and with a wooden camera constructed by himself.

## A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

## LEFT-HANDED LUCK.

BY FRANCIS H. HARDY.

"Take a drink, boy," said my old chum, O'Hagan, "and I'll tell you about my great raffle. My, my! warn't old Davy Jones hostile over winning that watch!" And one of those sunny smiles peculiar to men of O'Hagan's mercurial temperament warmed and brightened his weather-worn and whisky-beaten face, making him look twenty years younger.

"I landed in Salt Lake City one Saturday night, dead broke. I'd been prospecting along with Jerry Nolan down on the Boulder, and we'd had such blarsted bad luck I mighty near left me bones to bleach in that awful country. Well, walking away from the Salt Lake City Railroad Station, who should I run into but old Swan, the barber. He was mighty glad to see me, was Swan, having heard I was dead. After he'd given me a good grip, says he—

"O'Hagan, come round to the shop; I've got your gold watch for you."

"How'd you get it? Last I remember about the old ticker, Cameron, of the 'Stars and Stripes,' he gave me fifty dollars' worth of poker chips for it, and won back the whole of them on the next hand!"

"Cameron, he's dead," says Swan, "and before he died he sent for me, and, saying where he'd probable next draw cards they wouldn't bother about time, he gave me the watch, and told me to give it back to you. He said he knew you'd git broke again, and show up in Salt Lake City."

"Natural, boy, I was mighty glad to run against this bit of luck. But a man can't carry a ticker on top of an empty belly, and, says I to Swan—

"How can I get cash for that watch? I'm flat and entire broke."

"I'll fix it," says Swan. "We'll get up a raffle for to-night at my shop. I can sell fifty tickets, at one dollar each, long before eight o'clock."

"He did. And that night we drew numbers—not in the barber-shop, but over the road in the 'Stars and Stripes' saloon."

"My! what a crowd of fellows turned up that night—not so much wanting to see the raffle, but to see me. All of them thought I was dead, and, you know, I didn't never have many enemies out in Utah. I mistrust the old 'Stars and Stripes' it held that night something over a hundred of the boys, and the whole lot was a-feeling mighty gay and sassy."

"It didn't take us long to draw numbers, and the crowd was all-fired mad when Swan cried out, Davy Jones he'd won the watch. For old Davy Jones was the ornriest white man in Utah—mean, slippery, and all-around unpleasant to rub shoulders with. I were madder than anyone else, because Davy Jones once slicked me clean out of my half of a claim we took up in partnership."

"Well, the boys they all allowed the raffle had played us a dirty trick, and they made up their minds to queer Davy Jones's luck. And they did. First, Tom Myers he shouts out—

"Boys, the winner of this val-u-ble watch has asked us all to drink with him!"

"Davy Jones tried to git away, but, seeing that Tom Myers was primed to cut or shoot, thought he'd better make the best of a bad bargain."

"Yes, all drink with me," said Davy Jones.

"As drinks were twenty-five cents each in those days, and the crowd counted up over a hundred, that drink all around cost Davy Jones thirty dollars in hard cash. Davy paid. Now, before Davy could get away from the 'Stars and Stripes,' Swan he slipped over to the 'Salt Lake' saloon and told everybody about Davy's luck in the raffle. In the 'Salt Lake,' Swan found Judge Haskell, who had in tow a party of capitalists from New York, all wanting to buy mines. Judge Haskell hated old Davy Jones, like the rest of us, and, says he to Swan, 'I'll work old Jones, you bet, if I only catch him'; and he did. For Jones, when he managed to wriggle out of the 'Stars and Stripes,' ran plump into the arms of Judge Haskell, who was lying in wait for him; and the Judge, saying he wanted Jones to meet his Eastern mine-buyers, and suggesting they might buy one of Jones's prospect-holes, hurried the 'lucky man' into the 'Salt Lake' saloon."

"And when he did introduce Davy Jones to those New York capitalists, it was as the luckiest man in Utah, who'd just won a five-hundred-dollar watch on a one-dollar raffle-ticket, and was now, to celebrate his luck, agoing to set up drinks for every man in the house."

"Of course, Jones was kicking himself awful on the inside, but

outside—wanting to sell a mine to Judge Haskell's friends—he had to smile and order drinks for everybody. This second round of drinks cost Davy Jones about thirty dollars more hard cash. When he'd paid up he sneaked home. But early next morning he hunted me up, and, says he—

"O'Hagan, take yer d——d old watch! It's cost me sixty dollars drinking me luck already; if I keep it another day I'll go broke."

"Keep it yourself," said I. "Do you take me for an ass? If I take my watch back, the boys will bust me with buying drinks over my luck in getting a gold watch for nothing. It would cost me fifty dollars in cash if I took that ticker back."

"Old Davy Jones he got mighty white under the gills with rage. He knew he'd skinned me once, and saw I'd got him now in a tight corner, for, if I passed the news of his luck around the hill camps, he'd either have to spend a thousand dollars drinking his good luck or quit the country."

"The end of it all was that old Davy Jones paid me fifty dollars in cash to take back the watch he won the night before. Davy Jones's good luck had cost him about a hundred and eleven dollars in cash and a whole night's rest; but that same watch had put me in pocket a cool hundred dollars. I've still got the watch, boy. If I get up another raffle, do you want a ticket?"

"No, thanks," said I. "Don't want nothing to do with watches that cost one dollar to get and a hundred dollars to get rid of."

## MOLLIE AND I.

*By Susan Carleton Brush, Daughter of William Carleton, the famous Irish novelist (1798-1869).*

My Mollie 'twas she was the pride of our town,  
Her hair it was golden, her eyes a soft brown.  
To see her sweet smile, with her red lips apart,  
Sure 'twould set the rogue stealing right into your heart.  
Myself had the looks, too, and stood six foot high—  
Yes, a couple worth meeting were Mollie and I.

Ah! well I remember one bright summer day,  
When we thought there was never such bloom on the may;  
And the birds sang so sweetly from out of the glen—  
They, sure, never sang half as sweetly as then!  
And that night no such stars ever shone in the sky—  
So full of love's magic were Mollie and I.

For I'd told her my love—well, you all know the way,  
Since when heart thrills to heart there needs little to say.  
And there she was walking close up to my side,  
With her hand clasped in mine, my own promised bride.  
No happier pair could be found far or nigh,  
That fair summer even, than Mollie and I.

How the thoughts of old times they throng into my head  
With that day of all days when my Mollie I wed!  
I wore a brave suit, so smart and so tight,  
With Mollie beside me in soft, flowing white.  
I stepped proud as a king, but my love she looked shy,  
As we passed to the chapel, my Mollie and I.

Oh! but I was the blest one to win such a wife,  
The light of my home and the joy of my life;  
And to me 'twas the crowning of all her sweet charms,  
When she held our first babe in her lovely white arms.  
So full was my heart that I prayed God on high  
We might never be parted, my Mollie and I.

Of fine lads and lasses we'd nigh half a score,  
Not a one, though, too many, yet askin' no more;  
And when with life's care I'd get somewhat cast down,  
I had still her bright smile, ah! but never one frown.  
We'd our joy and our sorrow, our laugh and our cry,  
For we shared all together, my Mollie and I.

Now they tell me she's sleeping, and still must sleep on,  
But the children are weeping—Oh, where has she gone?  
And is it without me she's found her last rest,  
Who for fifty long years has lain in my breast?  
And what is this darkness? The light's left the sky!  
Our Father! we're coming, my Mollie and I.









FATHER CHRISTMAS AS WE IMAGINE HIM.





FATHER CHRISTMAS AS HE MORE OFTEN IS.





THE GRASSHOPPER.



## THE LOVE OF LONDON.

The Love of London is one of the great facts of modern civilisation. It is not a new cult—in 1450 John Lydgate sang, "Of all the land it beareth the pryse." It is not the love of the grown-up decadent, for Dick Whittington, who forms the central saga of the fascination, is the darling of the nursery, which learns to lisp the story of the London bells, "'Oranges and lemons,' say the bells of St. Clement's." It appeals not only to the patriotic Englishman, for so long ago as 1504 that sturdy Scot, William Dunbar, immortalised the capital as "the Flour of Cities all," while so modern an American as Miss Louise Imogen Guiney writes the first twelve songs of her new book, "England and Yesterday," in praise of London—from the stately silence of Westminster Abbey, "the stormless sea of ended Kings," to those dreary Docks "where the bales thunder till the day is done." It is the joy not merely of light-hearted, jingling Bohemia—of Praed, of Hood, of H. S. Leigh—but of such severe academic souls as Wordsworth, Matthew Arnold, in the past, and of Mr. Laurence Binyon to-day, whose "Second Book of London Visions" has just been published by Mr. Elkin Matthews. To the most divers souls the—"dear, damn'd, distracting town" of Pope's imagining has the utmost fascination. The popular melodrama writer harps on the string when he writes a play like "The Lights o' London." The little child in the most distant parts of the Empire dreams of the great City when it watches Whittington on Highgate Hill. Mrs. Tanqueray—to take a type at the opposite pole—felt the town in her blood when, looking from the window of her house on the Surrey Hills, she sighed, "London or Heaven!—I wonder which is farther from me?"

The why and the wherefore of this magnetic magic needs a hundred tongues to interpret, as has been made plain by Mr. Wilfred Whitten in the beautiful anthology, "London in Song," which Mr. Grant Richards has just issued as a companion volume to Mr. E. V. Lucas's volume of *Child's Verse*. The best collection of the kind until now has been the "London Garland," which Mr. Henley edited and the Society of Illustrators decorated for the Macmillans three years ago. Mr. Henley selected the panegyrics of fifty-nine authors; Mr. Whitten gives us the work of ninety-five poets, with thirty anonymous writers thrown in. He begins with Chaucer, who sang the song of the London 'Prentice in 1387; he takes us down to Mr. Austin Dobson, Mr. Lionel Johnson, Mr. Binyon, Mr. Selwyn Image, Mrs. Marriott Watson, Mr. E. V. Lucas, and still less-known contemporaries. He analyses the general character of London verse as the Poetry of Pageants and Occasions, the Poetry of Town Life and Manners, and the Poetry of Vision and Reflection, while he divides his book into the poems about London Town, London River, and London City, prefacing each section with a stanza from Dunbar, the Scot.

To the Love of London this Christmas season has brought no more charming book than Mr. Whitten's, which had been still more appropriate if it had been printed in London instead of in Edinburgh. And yet the cunning of R. and R. Clark and the skill of Mr. William Hyde make the volume all the more delightful to the bibliophile. This book heartens those of us (from the country) who are often told that our Love of London is unhealthy. We find philosophy and support for our instinct in Wordsworth's great sonnet on Westminster Bridge, in Matthew Arnold's lines on Kensington Gardens ("Yet here is peace for ever new"), in Cowper's "Babylon of old not more of glory of the Earth than she," and in Mr. Lionel Johnson's passionate lines—

Do London birds forget to sing?  
Do London trees refuse the Spring?  
Is London May no pleasant thing?

On the same high level we read with sheer delight Mr. Binyon's new poem on Trafalgar Square, where the wretched woman who has huddled on the benches all night performs her toilet in the fountains—

Now as the fresh drops ran upon her brow  
And her hands knotted up her hair, the ways  
Of old lost mornings came to her, and how  
Into her mirror she would smile and gaze.

You remember Mr. Henley's vision of the Square where "high aloft

Our Sailor takes the golden gaze  
Of the saluting sun, and flames superb  
As once he flamed it on the ocean round."

In one mood Mr. Henley can rise to such visions; in another he can express only what the ruck of us feel without being able to utter. Hence, in "London Types," which Mr. William Nicholson has drawn for Mr. Heinemann (in the most characteristic picture-book of the season), Mr. Henley takes us round the town, and in a series of thirteen virile quatorzains pictures the people we pass by day after day, from the 'bus-driver to the barmaid. In the Tower we see the Beefeater, who keeps the Country Cousin moving—

And stays such Cockney pencilers as would shame  
The wall where some dead Queen hath traced her name.

At Constitution Hill stands the mounted policeman—

With his Light Cavalry seat and look,  
A living type of Order.

At "any bar" you see Elise (being plain Elizabeth), who tries—

From penny novels to amend her taste,  
And, having mopped the zinc for certain years,  
And faced the gas, she fades and disappears.

That is the sordid side of the picture, but the extreme fascination of London lies in the fact that it offers so many facets, and that the same man may see all of them.

J. M. B.

## HORS D'ŒUVRES.

The nice little Christmas competition got up by the *Daily Mail* for the Liberal-Radical Party has awakened, apparently, some wrath in the celestial minds of the gods (of whatever size and metal) that pull the wires of that party. And yet the questions that my simple little contemporary asks are such as seem to lie at the root of all party organisation whatever. Surely no political party can exist in a healthy state—or, indeed, exist at all for long—without a recognised leader, and a recognised and avowed policy. "That is all that is asked—who is your head? Do you want to revive Home Rule for Ireland? What else do you particularly want to do? But the party organisers do not seem to wish to answer any of these. "Wait till we get a majority," they say; "then we shall have a leader, for the Queen—or her successor—will have to send for the chief of us to form a ministry; and, if we don't know who he is, she will." As for bringing forward Home Rule, the obvious sentiment is, "No, but we mustn't say so!" For to drop Home Rule avowedly is to throw away the last chance of that Irish alliance which has been to the Liberals what the Russian alliance is to France—a league whose advantages are all on one side.

Then, what is to be the policy of the Liberal-Radical Party? "One man, one vote," is a specious proposal. A plausible case might be made out in favour of giving increased voting-power to education, and even to wealth; but our present haphazard system of qualification does not profess to do this, and its casual injustices, at best, only neutralise one another. But electoral reform, favoured as it is by many Conservatives and more Liberal-Unionists, is not a cry to win on. The anomalies left are too few, too uncertain in effect, to be fought for or against with any passion; and, if one man is to have one vote, and no more, it is clearly unfair that one Irish or Welsh peasant should be represented by twice or three times as much M.P. as one Lancashire or Yorkshire working-man. The "Keltic fringe" would be sadly shorn by any scheme of redistribution on a numerical basis.

And electoral reform, reform of the House of Lords, and other more or less advisable tinkering with the machinery of government, are measures that the party at present in power could pass, nearly as well as its nominal opponents. They are mechanical improvements for enabling legislation to work quickly and smoothly—nothing more. There is no deep principle involved. Democracy, as the late Sir Henry Maine pointed out, is merely a form of government; it is a means to secure peace, order, prosperity, morality, and other social benefits, and it is good or bad as it succeeds or fails in securing these. Democracy, as Austin proved, is a form of Oligarchy; it is government by a minority. Its only speciality lies in the dimensions of the minority and the method of its selection. So long as there is no crying injustice about the electoral system, it is impossible to get up a real popular enthusiasm on the subject.

As for Disestablishment, Local Veto, and some more Socialistic proposals, the mischief of them is that very few people are in earnest about them. The noisy few who believe in this or that pet measure may accumulate a fine stock of Parliamentary pledges; but when the day of account comes the pledges are unredeemed. Witness the case of Women's Suffrage. Most M.P.'s were pledged to the measure, and had no intention of passing it, so they talked it out, if I remember rightly, by discussing vermin at great length.

A useful programme could be made out of many unimposing but much-needed reforms; but neither party would get any electoral good out of these, and therefore they are neither pressed nor opposed with any force. It really seems as if there were nothing for the Opposition to do but wait, showing their patriotism by strengthening the hands of the Government in foreign affairs—as they have done lately—and their fairness and ability by adopting and improving any measures of reform or progress. Doing this, either the "swing of the pendulum" or some gross blunder on the part of their political antagonists will bring them again into the desired haven of power.

This is what one man is doing, with great success; and that is Lord Rosebery. There can be little doubt that he is the real head of the party, in spite of his withdrawal. The mere mention of his possible rivals is enough to show their impossibility. Sir William Harcourt is a politician, Mr. John Morley a doctrinaire, Mr. Asquith a lawyer. What a great party wants is a statesman—a man who may take a wrong view, but will take a wide view; a man used to the great world and the clash of affairs, and, above all, a man with an eye for the underlying humour of things. It is not the whole duty of a statesman to be able to make a good after-dinner speech, yet that ability means far more than the learned think. It proves tolerance and sympathy, and the power of passing lightly over the unsuitable, and dwelling not too heavily on the suitable.

Wherefore, if I were an orthodox Radical, my post-card would have borne a large "Rosebery" for leader, a very large "No" for Home Rule, and for policy an impartial and stimulating support of the present Government on foreign policy so long as no gross mistake is made, and a pressing on of the small, useful, quiet reforms that will never win votes, but will make many lives a little easier from day to day.—MARITON.



# "MUMMING": A PRIMITIVE CHRISTMAS CUSTOM.



"HERE'S A TOOTH ENOUGH TO KILL ANY MAN."

"Mummers," or, as they were called in Scotland, "guisers," or "guizards," occupied a prominent place in the category of Yuletide festivities of the past, when the actors would dress themselves up most gorgeously in sheepskins and frills over the knees, à la Charles II.

The home of this quaint pageant is at the present time peculiar to both Oxfordshire and Berkshire, more especially in some of the insignificant villages of the latter county. The custom cannot be said now to more than flicker, for the whole production is in the hands of a few rustic swains, who get the play up entirely among themselves, even to the making of their own costumes, and possibly the interest evoked is not so marked as was the case years back, when men instead of boys played the parts. My models here portrayed had notice of my intentions a good month before the specified day, so that they have taken extra trouble in the matter, and are fairly representative of nineteenth-century "mummers." Not one of the lads, by the way, had ever seen a camera before, and the task of diverting their attention from this thing was no light one.

St. George and the Dragon, with variations, is the drama of a one-act description which is always chosen. This time-honoured legend, "with sundry whimsical adjuncts," provides good material for "very tragical mirth," and each village prides itself upon some deviation from the original text, giving you as a reason various references to long-deceased grandmothers and their superlatives.

The costumes of the actors certainly are not nearly on so elaborate a scale as was the case once upon a time, and this applies also to the effects. For, in place of Old Father Christmas bearing mistletoe, holly-boughs, and wassail-bowls, we find him to-day quite content to have none of these things. And, again, where the Turkish Knight once "sporting" a real "live" sword, he now flourishes a thick stick, with which he deals the deadly blow. The costumes, in place of the very elaborate wardrobes at one time in vogue, consist merely in father's, mother's, or sister's attire, with the addition of vari-coloured paper streamers fastened on wherever the parting cloth affords a trustworthy hold. After a few rounds a general moulting takes place, and the ground becomes littered with strips and stripes.

Burnt cork (or is it coal-dust?), of which there would appear to be no stint, completes this very simple, effective, and original disguise. The masks once worn would throw into deep shadow the wildest flights of fancy of the modern pantomimist. They were creations. The lads, having arrayed themselves in costumes suitable to the allegorical characters, then sally forth in company—seven *dramatis personæ* and attendants *ad lib.*, in contrast to the ancient "mummers," who were always accompanied by the parish beadle, whose command of the stocks made him a person truly to be feared, whose word was law, and his presence a guarantee and insurance for order and decorum. Thus from door to door they wander, claiming the privilege of Christmas in the admission of St. George and his merry men.

Although, as has been said, there are a good many variations in the book of the play, the following is a faithful outline of the best-known

version as enacted in the counties already referred to. This mumming play, then, is based on "St. George and Co.," a miracle play which existed in Old England in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. Old Father Christmas opens the proceedings. He goes by the *nom-de-guerre* of Beelzebub. Deviation No. 1. He recites—

And now we shows (*sic*) activity of youth,  
Activity of age;  
Such action you never see upon  
Another stage.  
And if you won't believe what I've had to say,  
Walk in, King George, and clear the way.

Enter KING GEORGE.

I be King George, &c.,  
Where be the man as can do I hurt?  
I'll cut him and slash him as small as flies,  
And send him to the cook-shop to make mince-pies, &c.

Enter TURKISH KNIGHT. In some places it is a French officer or a full-blown gendarme. Deviation No. 2.

This gentleman brags of his own prowess and more or less accepts the challenge. King George is also called the "Africky King," and the French officer, "Beau Slasher." Deviations 3 and 4.

The "swords clap together with great noise," King George falls, in some versions, while in others (to balance the mortality) the Turk falls. "Molly" then comes on the scene, *alias* Queen Mary, or a corruption of the Blessed Virgin. King George is wounded in the knee.

Enter DOCTOR. My fee's ten pounds, but only five  
If I don't raise this dead-man alive.

The Turkish Knight, *alias* Duke of Northumberland, &c., is pleased with himself. The Doctor takes a pill and stuffs it in the King's mouth—

Rise up, King George, and fight again!

King George obeys, and, jumping up, fights more fiercely than heretofore. And then the play is subjected to further metamorphosis. However, the tables eventually are turned, and the Turk falls before the King. Molly summons the Doctor again, but—

No, I see he's too far gone.

Then—

Walk in, Jack Vinny!

This gentleman, a jester with a tall fool's-cap, has a tall opinion of himself—

My name is not Jack Vinny; my name is Mr. John Vinny.

Mr. J. Vinny then demands his spectacles and pliers (or bootlace!), whereupon he extracts one of the Turk's teeth. The Turk rises up, and they dance a jig together.

Happy Jack, a very melancholy person, arrives on the scene next. He is a sort of beggar, and solicits alms. The "mummers" next all dance, and a delicate hint brings down "the curtain"—

Ladies and gentlemen, give me a copper or two to go to church on Sunday and get a shave.  
R. H. COCKS.



KING GEORGE IS WOUNDED IN THE KNEE.



KING GEORGE FIGHTS YET FIERCER THAN BEFORE.

From Photographs by R. H. Cocks



## PANTOMIME STARS.

Miss Amelia Stone (who was in "A Stranger in New York") and Miss Nellie Stewart will be principal girl and boy at Drury Lane; the cast of "Dick Whittington," at the Adelphi, will include Misses Amy Augarde, Marie Montrose, Millie Legarde, and Ruth Davenport; and Miss Marie Lloyd and Miss Marie Loftus (mother of Miss Cissie Loftus) will play Dick and Robinson Crusoe at the new Crown, Peckham, and the Pavilion, respectively. Miss Lily Harold and Miss Decima Moore are the Aladdin and the Princess at the Broadway, S.E. Miss Marie Tyler is Jack to Miss Ida René's Jill at the Surrey; and other pantomime favourites to be seen at Christmas at London houses are Misses Topsy Sinden, Emmeline Orford, Lydia Flopp, Julie Mackey, Julia Kent, the Sisters Belfry (at the Grand, Islington), Miss Louie

## MR. PINERO'S NEW PLAY.

Mr. Pinero has not yet completed the new play for Mr. Hare at the Globe, and at present is still engaged upon the third act of the piece. The new work will have four acts, and establish for the time its author's abandonment of the psychological problems with which he has more lately been associated. The new comedy is romantic and humorous, and has much of that sympathetic treatment which made "Sweet Lavender" so popular. It is inspiring to know that Mr. Pinero has deserted his recent lines for the light comedy and happy romantic school in which he ground his spurs. His pen, or rather, his nature, has cast off fine work since his memorable première at the St. James's Theatre; but why continue to clothe a subject in purple and soft verbiage when the exigencies of the moment demanded relegation to the closet? Mr. Pinero



MISS MOLLIE LOWELL.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

Pounds (Boy Blue in "Red Riding Hood," at the Croydon Grand), Misses Sophie Harriss, Rose Dearing, Hettie Chattell, Florence Millington, and so on. Just a few pantomime engagements in the provinces. Miss Cora Stuart is Boy Blue at the Royal, Nottingham; Miss Minnie Palmer is Fatima in "Blue Beard," at the Royal, Leeds; the parts of principal boys and girls respectively at Liverpool are taken by Misses Claire Romaine and Jessie Hudleston (Court), and Misses Vesta Tilley and Elise Cooke (Prince of Wales's). Miss Harriett Vernon is again Prince in "Cinderella" (this time at Dublin), and Miss Marie Dainton is a principal girl at Birmingham.

Miss Mollie Lowell, who has been engaged by Mr. Wyndham for his principal girl at Edinburgh, though actually born in Newcastle-on-Tyne, comes of Irish stock. She joined the Carl Rosa Opera Company, playing small parts, and then was engaged by Mr. George Edwardes, and appeared in "The Geisha" and "A Greek Slave." Attracting the attention of Captain Basil Hood, he engaged her for the production of "Her Royal Highness," in which she had a great success.

had a passion to elucidate the "beautiful story," wherein he represented not the conventional afterthought which begets a truculent prosperity, but a serious philosophical problem, as much above the heads of his critics as it was in advance of his time, as much beyond the abilities of his actors as it was beyond the mental capacity of the average audience. Mr. Pinero is an anomaly in dramatic literature, and he has had to contend during the last few years against himself and vaudeville. Is it to be expected that a serious dramatist can contribute any quota to existing amusements when the public clamours for such units of elemental barbarism as are filling many of our West-End houses? His serious plays are quite unequalled as examples of the best English drama, and they can be primarily accepted as a substantial assertion of the composite forces of his genius. Nevertheless, the prudence which fostered the production of his most recent serious works is based upon a natural vanity in his work, which imparts to his personal estimate of his own powers the haunting dread that he might find it difficult to surpass; or even equal, what, from public favour, ranks as the greatest of his three masterpieces.

## A GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK THAT TELLS OF A CZAR OF ALL THE RUSSIAS.

The portrait and story of the old clock in a recent number of *The Sketch* was interesting, and leads me to tell of another clock, which is in the possession of the widow of a Bannockburn weaver, who now lives at at Dunning, in Perthshire.



THE OWNER OF THE CLOCK (MRS. DUNCAN).

Photo by Croce and Rodgers, Stirling.

In April 1746, a little girl of about four years old, whose father was with a portion of the English army then moving south after the Battle of Culloden, was, in the bustle of departure, left behind in the ancient town of St. Ninians, near Stirling. Her mother, who had followed her husband, a Paymaster-Sergeant, had lately died, and it is supposed that he, in his trouble, had been drinking freely, and so forgot his child. She was picked up by the ruling elder of the parish church, to whom she said that her name was Betty Wilcox, and that her father had left her alone to go and drink with the soldiers.

The child was never inquired for; in time she was sent to service,

after having been well taught and cared for. About fifteen years later, Betty was living again at St. Ninians, under her maiden name, having a son named John, a lad full of spirit and adventure. The Laird o' Sauchie, a notable character in his district, was the reputed father. In spite of the fact that John had legally no right to any but his mother's name, the pair were well respected in the village.

John was determined to go to sea, and, though this grieved the mother sorely, she apprenticed him to the master of a sailing-vessel at Alloa. Soon after this, war after war having broken out in Europe, Betty heard very little of her son for several years, till at last news reached her that he had been seized by a press-gang, and was in the Navy, also that he had been taken prisoner in the Baltic, and was then detained in St. Petersburg.

Betty was a plucky woman, full of resource. On inquiry, she learned that the Emperor of Russia, Alexander I., was of a noble and generous disposition, and she conceived the idea of propitiating him by knitting some very fine stockings as a present for him. To get yarn worthy of an Emperor, she walked thirty miles to Paisley and bought there a fine mixture of silk and thread, in colour a pale indigo-blue. I have some of this very yarn she bought by me now. From this she soon made three long pairs of stockings, "to put on when your Sovereign goes out a-hunting," to send with a letter which set forth to the Emperor how the son, "who is the only support of me, his mother, and Besaide I have no other freene for my support," was a prisoner in his dominions. The letter she dictated to a professional letter-writer of the district, bidding him "Just pit in't what I'll say to ye."

Betty added also that, if the Emperor would let her know how many children he had, "also what sons and daughters, I will send some Stockens for them before the winter comes on."

The stockings and the letter were sent by her in charge of a skipper who was just sailing from Kincardine-on-Forth for St. Petersburg. Arrived at that port, he was visited by Dr. James Wyllie, a Kincardine man, who was then physician to the Emperor Alexander. This gentleman kindly took charge of Betty's parcel, and delivered it himself.

Touched by the simple confidence of a mother, the Emperor not only ordered John to be set at liberty, but he gave instructions for a hundred pounds to be paid through the Russian Embassy as a gift from him to Betty.

She had always longed to have "a high clock," and she wished also a worthy reminder of an Emperor's generosity; so she at once gave an order to a certain noted clockmaker of her district, David Somerville, for "one of the best that could be made."

How I found this clock, the whereabouts of which, as I read in a local paper, was not then known, about ninety years later, by riding among the country-folk in an omnibus out of Stirling on marketing-night, I told once in *Blackwood's Magazine*, but I have given details here which I did not include in that article.

The clock is of mahogany, inlaid with designs in box-wood, like many other clocks in the Chippendale style, but its face has coloured pictures at the corners, outside the brass dial-plate. On one is the Emperor Alexander, crowned and in regal crimson cloak; in his hand is a sceptre with which he points to a fleet of ships, one of which moves to and fro, on a wave, with the swing of the pendulum. Opposite stands a

comely matron engaged in knitting a long stocking. A nautical bit is in another corner, with John in Sunday dress, and opposite to him is a young woman at a cottage-door with a fat baby in her arms. Over the clock used to be a piece of wood with the couplet painted on—

Wha would hae thought it,  
Stockings wad hae bought it?

It will interest lovers of historical association to know that the present owner, the widow of a son of the sailor, is a great-granddaughter of a land-steward of the Laird Oliphant o' Gask at the time when Prince Charles Edward took refuge at "The Auld House," as Caroline Oliphant—afterwards Lady Nairne—calls it in her ballad. I have a bit of the noted pear-tree mentioned there. Lady Nairne wrote also "The Laird o' Cockpen" and "The Rowan Tree."

I have lately had a letter from Mrs. John Duncan. She is getting to an age, as she says, "a long way beyond the promised time." She has given up "doing the warps" for the weavers, and she says at first she felt it "very strange being away from the yarn-winding," but is settled comfortably in a small room where "the Emperor—that is the name I give to the clock—is still going beside my bed."

J. A. OWEN.

## WHO WAS BANDELLO?

In these days no ecclesiastic above the rank of a dean writes novels, and even then only such as, presumably, tend to edification. Hence the episcopal authorship of "Certain Tragical Discourses of Bandello," Translated into English by Geffraie Fenton, Anno 1567," with an Introduction by Robert Langton Douglas (David Nutt), should impart a quality of freshness to them. Be this so or not, Bishop "Bandel," as

the early Elizabethans called him, shall have welcome in his re-presentation in vestment of Tudor English, if only because he furnished Webster with the story of the "Duchess of Malfi," whose ill-fated husband he knew, and Shakspeare with the plots of "Romeo and Juliet," "Much Ado About Nothing," and "Twelfth Night." Matteo Bandello, who was born at Castelnovo, in Lombardy, in 1480, came in early boyhood under the care of an uncle, Prior of the Dominican Monastery in Milan, in whose refectory may be traced the remains of da Vinci's famous "Last Supper." In due time Bandello took monastic vows; "but what the lips have lightly said, the heart will lightly hold," and he, who was no ascetic in temperament, mixed freely in the life of the gay city, gathering the materials of stories wherewith, being a born raconteur, he delighted the notables who swarmed round "the popular Dominican." Stopping at Florence on a journey to Rome, he fell in love with one Violante, who became the great passion of his life, albeit "jealous heaven" robbed him of her at the end of "one short year." However, politics and literature diverted him, and, finding his true vocation as a novelist, he composed his "Tragical Discourses," the manuscript of which, missed from his father's house on the sack of Milan in 1525 and given up as lost, was restored to him nearly thirty years after. Five years before then he had been made Bishop of Agen, through the influence of the widow of his patron, Cesare Fregoso, who, on the murder of her husband, had thrown herself on the compassion of Francis I., King of France. It would appear, to slightly vary a modern epigram, that the time which the prelate spared from the publication of his novels he devoted to the neglect of his duties, since, while he enjoyed the revenues of his see, its spiritual demands were discharged by the Bishop of Grasse. The first three volumes of stories were issued in 1554, and, eight years afterwards, their author died at the good old age of eighty-two, with the exhortation "Vivete lieti" (live merrily) on his lips. All which, and, withal, much about his translator, Geffraie Fenton, is told pleasantly, with illuminating references to contemporary history, by Mr. Douglas, who dilates on these stories of "lovyng ladyes haples haps, theyr deaths, and deadly cares," with critical acumen.



THIS CLOCK TELLS OF CZAR ALEXANDER I.

Photo by H. Leonard, Dunning.



## A NEW COSTER "DRAWMA."

PRODUCED BY MR. EDGAR J. PHELPS AND MISS EDA NEIL AT THE NEW HAMMERSMITH THEATRE OF VARIETIES.

*From Photographs by the Press Studio, London, E.*

'Liza Green has two lovers—Bill Rawlins (who is poor) and Joe Cupple (who is well-to-do). The latter has sent her a new hat, with a letter offering marriage. Bill arrives with his humble present of fish. 'Liza, who favours Bill, has been careful to hide the hat.



Bill tells 'Liza that it is the "last present he'll be givin' her for some time," because Joe Cupple has dismissed him from his employment. 'Liza sympathises with Bill, and says, if they marry at once, she can "elp keep the little 'ome together." But Bill declines.



Presently, Bill finds the box under the table, and this breeds discord. It seems as if the little romance will end unhappily, because 'Liza cannot find the letter. Bill drives her from the room, and is about to destroy the hat, when he finds Joe's letter pinned to it. He begs 'Liza's forgiveness.



"Now, 'Liza," Bill says, "which is it to be—the 'at or the 'addick?"

"Why, the good old 'addick and you, Bill, 'cos I luvs ye," says 'Liza. And so all ends happily.

## THE STORY OF AN APPLE.

## CIDER-MAKING IN THE "WEST COUNTRY."

Comparatively few people drink cider nowadays, and still fewer, perhaps, make their own, as in the good old times when country squires brewed their ale, and in apple-growing districts men made their cider. It is recalled to our minds by seeing it advertised in price-lists as Devonshire Cider "Still or Sparkling," and the persons who do drink it do so with little or no idea as to how it is made, except perhaps with a vague feeling that "rotten apples have something to do with it, and probably lots of other things besides!"

Finding myself in the West Country, which is *par excellence* the home of cider-makers (though, I believe, it is still manufactured in the Garden County too), I determined, like the well-known chiel, to tak' some notes, though, unlike him, I provided myself with a camera as well.

The village I was staying at is a little, out-of-the-way place in Somerset, such a quaint, old-world spot, where men still go milking in white smocks, and the old women stick religiously to their sun-bonnets; where big, old-fashioned chimneys are still in existence, and one can sit in a real chimney-corner and see the sky peeping in, perhaps not an advantage in stormy weather, though picturesque to the stranger. Here the majority of the good folk burn peat, coal being a luxury merely for the squire and suchlike better-to-do persons. Here also till quite lately most of the houses were thatched, tiles being considered quite an innovation. Perhaps some might call it a sleepy place standing still and not getting any "forader," but they would be wrong. The people, though simple in their ways, and, as I said before, old-fashioned, are, for the most part, thrifty and hard-working. Many earning a far smaller wage than their fellows in the neighbourhood of large towns yet manage to have "three acres and a cow," making their own butter or sending it by carrier to the nearest market, and, though perhaps they are slow, they are all the surer for that, and seem happy and for the most part content. Of course, there are black sheep too in this rural spot, but what fold is without them?

Hay-making sees the people up early and late, for most of the farms are dairy farms, and it does one's eyes good to see the stretches of green pasture, with the cows feeding peacefully, the landscape being broken only by the orchards that seem to be dotted about in all sorts of odd places, the trees laden with their autumnal burden of fruit. But the

taut, there a bit taken off. They have to be washed, rinsed out with lime, and washed again, till one begins to think there will be nothing left of the mighty casks with so much rubbing, though they look very solid standing reared up on end like sentinels outside the cider-house.

Down in the barn more scrubbing is being actively carried on. The mill has had to be seen to, the trough and the bed of the press cleaned out, and a variety of other small details, nothing being forgotten, the men working with a will which does them credit. In the meantime, the pile of apples on the barn-floor has been getting larger and larger, till a small mountain of fruit of all descriptions—bitter, sweet, red, yellow, russet, and green—lies in a glorious mass of colour waiting to be ground up presently in the mill.

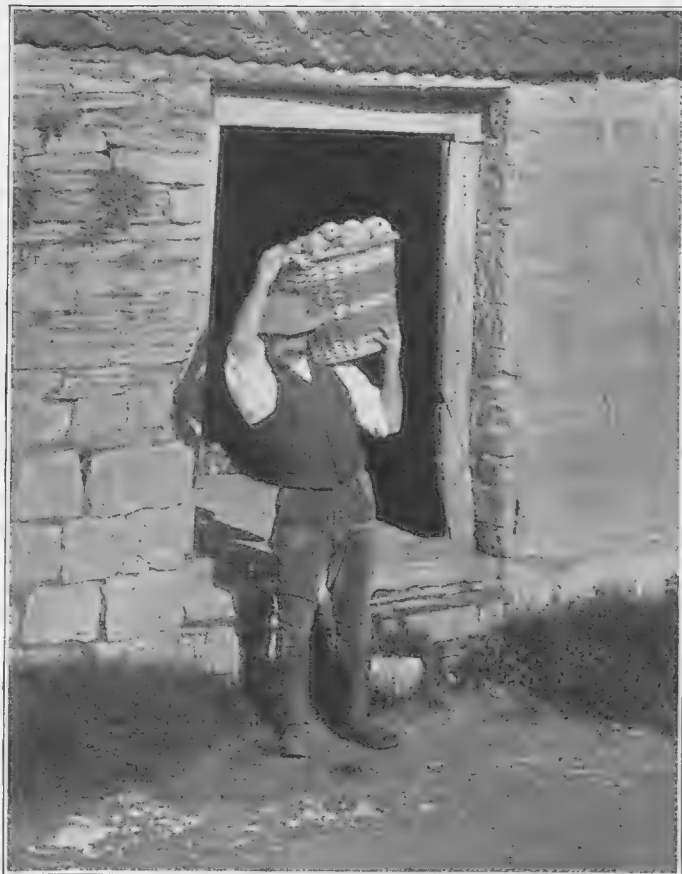
The cider-makers use all sorts of apples, but they are particularly partial to Morgan Sweets, Kingston Blacks, several kinds of pippins, and one variety called locally by the fearsome name of Bloody Warriors, owing, I presume, to their red colour. These latter are supposed, rightly or wrongly, to give the "Zider" a fine brown hue which is highly appreciated by local connoisseurs.

I am told there are a few makers who still stick to the plan of leaving the fruit on the ground in some exposed place till it positively begins to ferment, with the idea that the colour is better in consequence, and the taste more mellow.

The majority simply leave the apples to what they describe as "work a bit" for a week, or at most ten days, piled *en masse*, the working merely being the result of a certain dampness which pervades if a heap of fruit is placed together in close quarters, and it renders the apples softer and easier to press the juice from than if they were placed direct in the mill from the trees.

People who go in for a very fine class of cider have each apple carefully gathered, but the more general plan is to pick up those that have fallen spontaneously, and to shake or knock down the remainder. Some store inside the barn, others in the orchards, this being merely a matter of individual taste and making no material difference.

The general opinion is that, unless the apples are kept for a certain time, the cider itself will not keep, but will go what the makers call "fusty." When the fruit has worked sufficiently, or, in other words, become soft enough, it is gathered up in baskets and placed in the mill. Each of these baskets contains a bushel of apples; two of these go to what is called a "bag," and, as a rule, seven bags will yield, or are expected to yield, about a hogshead of cider. It must be remembered that 60 lb. go to a bushel and fifty-four gallons to a hogshead. Therefore,



THE APPLES.



TAKING THE POMACE FROM THE MILL.



PRESSING THE "CHEESE."

From Photographs by Maude Cratlie Halkett.

time when all are astir and general interest prevails is November. An unusual bustle is observed; sounds of hammering, clanking of pails, and swishing of water are the order of the day. All hands are called in to help, and all come only too willingly, leaving their other work to take care of itself for the time being. The reason is soon explained—"Cider time has come." The old barrels have to be repaired and generally looked over inside and out, new hoops put on, here a piece hammered

to make fifty-four gallons of cider, 840 lb. weight of apples has to be ground up. The mill has a double set of rollers, and may almost be likened to a gigantic mincing-machine.

The first lot of rollers are fitted with spikes, and tear the apples to pieces; the second set are real rollers, which crush the broken fruit into still smaller portions. It then passes through a shoot to the trough beneath to catch what is now called the "pomace." This mill is worked by



means of two wheels—one large, the other a sort of ratchet-wheel—two men being usually employed to turn the handles, while another stands ready with a large wooden shovel to convey the pomace from the trough to the bed of the press, upon which has been previously spread a layer of clean straw, which is locally termed "the reed." This reed, or straw, must be specially prepared. It is absolutely necessary that it should be threshed by hand with a flail, as a modern threshing-machine would tear it too much and would render it useless for the purpose for which it is required—that is, to help bind the apples together in the press and prevent them falling out when great pressure is brought to bear upon them.

In some places specially constructed cloths are used instead of reed, but this has not been found to be very satisfactory. One man is specially told off to build the "cheese," which name is given to the huge pile of pomace which is gradually and carefully built up on the press in layers, or cakes, as it is called in Somerset, Devonshire men calling it "rearings." This building is done by hand, a kind of rough shape being used consisting of two planks some six or seven inches deep, nailed together and forming a three-cornered support, against which the pomace is flattened down so that a block of fruit is erected on the bed of the press. This is called "the square." Each cake is, as a rule, from six to seven inches high when first made, but becomes much shallower as the weight of the other cakes or rearings falls on it. Between each of these layers reed is spread, one lot being placed one way, and one the other, so as to form a sort of network, the rough edges projecting being either turned in neatly or cut off with a pair of shears. From six to seven cakes form one "cheese," though larger ones can, of course, be made if required. When the "cheese" is ready to be pressed, or, as the makers call it, "squatted" (squashed) down, a wreath of straw, termed the "crown," is put on; then a large square of wooden planks, joined together and called the "follower," is placed carefully on the top, then some blocks of thick wood, and the whole screwed down by hand as far as it will go. A lever is then inserted in the rams' horns of the press and worked with a will by the makers till they can get the large screw to go no further. A rope is now attached to the lever, and a makeshift windlass becomes the order of the day. This is worked by two men, and produces a very great pressure. At first the juice runs very freely, but gradually comes more slowly.

When this happens, the press is unscrewed, and the "cheese" is pared on all sides with a large, sharp knife, the slices taken off in this

The juice runs by a spout into a large, flat tub, which is called a "key." When this key gets at all full, the maker takes a large bowl with a handle and bales out into a larger key placed near. Over this is a strainer, so as to catch any bits of straw or apple which may have fallen perchance into the smaller tub. After the last paring, the great "cheese" has dwindled to a very small size, and might be described as a poor thing of no more good, for no amount of straining and striving will

extract another drop of juice out of it. However, the thrifty West Country folk will tell you otherwise. The brown and very unappetising-looking stuff that remains is fine for the pigs, and it is taken out carefully and given to these animals, who testify their appreciation of the unusual diet by many snorts and grunts, and by eating it up with an astonishing rapidity. The "cheese" in the picture ran seventy gallons of pure cider, which is the juice of thousands of apples, nothing whatever being added or mixed with it.

After the cider has been all strained, it is taken in buckets and put in the barrel, which is filled through the bung-hole by means of a large wooden funnel. When the cask is full, it is left, with the bung only lightly put in, for a week or ten days to work. This it does with a vengeance; it bubbles like boiling water, and froth bursts out at the bung-hole.

The barrel is always left standing up on end while this is going on. After it has done fermenting, the bung is driven in tight, and the cask is stored away with the others in the cider-house. It would be fit to drink in a few months' time, but is more usually kept for a year.

The method I have described in this article is the real, old-fashioned way of making cider, as it is manufactured by all the squires and farmers for their private consumption.

Bottled cider is not much drunk locally, but is made simply by filling bottles with the ordinary cider, corking well up, and fastening down with either wire or string, and allowing it to stand a few months before opening. Some add a small quantity of sugar, saying that it will keep better, but, as a rule, it is bottled without any such accessories.

It seems to create a fixed air for itself, as it sparkles and froths when poured out like champagne, its likeness in this respect to the more costly drink having earned for it the title of "Champagne Cider."

In Somerset it is the custom to give the men working on the estate or farm a regular allowance of cider. This allowance varies in quantity, but rarely exceeds a quart to each man per diem. It is no uncommon thing to see a carter going along the road with a small barrel, some ten or eleven inches long, slung either on his cart or on to some part of the



THE "CHEESE" COMPLETED.



CARRYING CIDER TO THE BARREL.



ROLLING THE CIDER-BARRELS.

From Photographs by Maude Craigie Halkett.

manner being piled on the top with more reed, the whole being still kept in a neat square by means of the three-cornered wooden frame.

All is screwed down again and the lever is reapplied, more juice instantly beginning to run. The cheese is pared generally three or four times, the parings always being thrown upon the top, and the whole being pressed as before, the men straining at the windlass as if their lives depended on the amount of strength they put into the work.

horse's harness, and containing the daily quantum of "zider." If this is not provided, the labourer in these parts expects an equivalent in money or extra wage. By the appearance of these same labourers, cider must be a very wholesome drink, as they seem to thrive on it and mostly look pictures of health. I think I have told all there is to tell; but, in conclusion, I would like to add that, for real hospitality and a kindly welcome, give me a Somerset host and hostess.

MAUDE CRAIGIE HALKETT.

## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

Mr. Herbert C. MacIlwaine has made his mark in "Dinkinbar" (Archibald Constable), a picture whose background is painted as carefully and skilfully as the figures in its foreground. It has, indeed,



MR. H. C. MACILWAINE.

Photo by Frank Wells, New Oxford Street.

the double merit of an interesting story and of a singularly graphic description of men and manners, life and work, in the Australian bush. A young fellow meditating the adoption of this Orson-like life could hardly do better than consult "Dinkinbar" before deciding whether he has strength and stomach for such a reversion to the savage state with its compensatory savage freedom—

I am as free as Nature first made  
man,  
Ere the base laws of servitude  
began,  
When wild in woods the noble  
savage ran.

The story has to do with the reclamation of such a savage at the cost of the suicide—most pathetically described—of the poor little native rival of the reclaiming heroine. This high-

spirited young woman is one of the best of the admirably painted characters of the novel, though, perhaps, her exaction of a big pecuniary favour from one of her hopeless admirers is a little too royal in its cool assumption that any service done for her is its own reward.

Mr. Edwin Pugh's new book, "Tony Drum" (Heinemann), is a really artistic bit of work. The talent which one saw clearly in "A Man of Straw" and in "King Circumstance," though it was sometimes wasted, and sometimes dimmed by being employed on a superfluity of material, has realised itself fully. His model is a different one this time. It has restrained his style, made him frugal in words and more careful of effects. Tony is a most sympathetically drawn character. The quickness, the cunning, the wit of the Cockney boy have been often enough demonstrated in fiction. But the Cockney boy of imagination, with the artist's temperament, hardly ever, and never successfully—unless we look on Sentimental Tommy, Tony's own brother, as a Londoner, and not merely a Thrums lad in exile. Of course, he is not all Cockney. His parents were from the Northern hill-country, his father a wandering musician and philosopher, and his mother a woman who had more romance than prudence, since she had married his father. Tony is a hunchback, and, as such, both a victim of suffering and privileged. An infant prodigy, he makes acquaintances outside his miserable surroundings; the world of books is opened to him, but he escapes nothing of the wretched knowledge forced on the children of the poor; he escapes only personal degradation. Pride of the infant-school, chorister-boy, pork-butcher's assistant for one day, darling of an indulgent sister, romance-writer, raconteur of his pre-natal experiences to the youth of Garden Row, experimental lover, rejected swain, and aspirant pedagogue or explorer, Tony sees a deal of life in his short career. Mr. Pugh deals with him humorously and tenderly, with strange and wonderful knowledge of the heart and brain of a gifted and suffering child. There are not many mistakes. Only now and again Tony's conversation goes beyond the borders of the probable. Perhaps the most marvellous bit of observation in the history of the boy is seen in his pathetic efforts to be as other people, as the other boys of Garden Row, as the heroes of fiction. He is apart; he is called "moony," is accused of shyness. This riles him. All his force goes to belie the charges; and he has the success that all genuine artists or poets have when they pit their worldly talents against the infinitely greater capacities of the vulgar.

Mr. Pugh has also collaborated with Mr. Charles Gleig in an extravaganza, "The Rogue's Paradise" (Bowden). Perhaps Mr. Pugh may be credited with the study of the successful rascal, Joshua Sharp. One seems to recognise his hand in the tale of this scoundrel's youth, when he discovered the commercial value of Biblical knowledge. The "Rogue's Paradise" is Berona, "a toy territory in the Western Hemisphere," to which in the days of its glory no extradition treaty applied. Knaves knew its boundaries well. To them came dupes, in the shape of British tourists, so that, in retirement, their talents had still some scope. The tiresome treaty, however, was rushed through at the last, and detectives from Scotland Yard added a zest to life in Berona. After that the tale becomes a farcical medley, sometimes really amusing, sometimes merely noisily extravagant. But, as Mr. Pugh tends to the tragical, a trip into the land of harlequinade will do him no harm.

In 1857, two years before his immortal paraphrase of Omar fell on a heedless generation, FitzGerald, writing to Carlyle, says, "It is an amusement to me to take what liberties I like with these Persians." And in his brochure on "Some Sidelights upon Edward FitzGerald's Translation" (H. S. Nichols and Co.), Mr. Heron-Allen supplements the

introduction to his recent edition of the "Ruba'iyat" in further tracing the originals of some few quatrains not found in Omar. FitzGerald's studies in Persian ranged through the several branches of its literature, and his first acquaintance with the poets Attar and Hafiz was apparently made through selections from their verse in Sir William Jones and Professor Cowell's works. FitzGerald's translation of parts of Attar's "Bird Parliament" appears in the second volume of his collected writings, and from that poet came the suggestions in the noble quatrains, "Earth could not answer, nor the seas that mourn," and the wholesomely insolent "Man's forgiveness give—and take." Mr. Heron-Allen's pamphlet should find a place among Omarian treasures. In the same letter to Carlyle, FitzGerald says of the Persian poets, "Their Roses and Nightingales are reputed enough, but Hafiz and Old Khayyám ring like true metal." Very welcome, therefore, if for no other purpose than that of comparison, is Dr. Walter Leaf's "Versions from Hafiz: An Essay on Persian Metre" (Grant Richards). Herein we have the measure of the original faithfully reproduced; a measure in which, as shown in the following specimen from one of the most famous odes, each couplet ends with the same rhyme—

Ho, Siki, pour the wine-flask dry; in Eden's bowers we ne'er shall find  
Mersällo's rosy bed, nor streams of Ruknâbâd's delightful lea;  
Be wine and minstrel all thy theme; beware, nor plumb the depths of fate,  
For none hath found, nor e'er shall find by wit, the great enigma's key.

Hafiz was Omar's junior by a couple of centuries, but came to "his own" long before him; yet, if the boatmen of the Ganges chant the Anaercontic verse of the "Guardian," the Western world has taken to its heart what the East has undervalued in the quatrains of the "Tent-maker." Neither Hafiz nor Omar were ascetics, but both have suffered much at the hands of allegorical interpreters, partly, perhaps, as Dr. Leaf suggests, "because sensuality and mysticism are twin moods of the mind interchanging in certain natures."

It has always been my theory of the ideal children's book that it shall consist not of extravagant imaginings of a fantastic world of magic, but of deft parody of life and manners. The parody may be effected in several ways, but the best perhaps, and that which is most likely to appeal to the child's mind, is to give us beasts who talk and behave like men and women. It is not easy of accomplishment, but when it succeeds we get a first and second Jungle Book. It would be too much to place upon the same plane of literary excellence "Whys and Other Whys," by S. H. Hamer (Cassell and Co.), for the book is altogether a slighter performance, and belongs, in fact, to the realm of toy-books; but it is quaintly conceived, and carried out with exquisite drollery. The stories each afford an ingenious solution to familiar natural problems, for example, "Why the Nightingale Sings at Night," "Why the Blue-bottle is Blue," "Why Rabbits have Short Tails," and so forth. The illustrations by Mr. Harry B. Neilson, whose humorous animal-pictures are so well known to all readers of *The Sketch*, show the artist at his best.



IT WAS A TREAT TO SEE HIM IN HIS OUTRIGGER.  
From "Whys and Other Whys," (Cassell and Co.)

The humanising power of his pencil fits him entirely for collaboration in this work. The picture I reproduce is from the story "Why the Elephant Never Keeps Still." No one would ever guess the ingenious explanation, so the best thing my readers can do is to get the book and find out for themselves. After grown-up curiosity has been satisfied, the book must, of course, at once be added to the nursery library. o. o.



## THE WORLD OF SPORT.

## RACING NOTES.

Big fields continue to contest the £40 prizes which are offered for selling events under National Hunt Rules, but it cannot be said that the sport is humming. The bookmakers complain that the "swells" do not bet, and most of the speculating is done by professional backers, who, by-the-bye, do not wager unless they know something. True, some of the big plungers make mistakes occasionally, and one or two who are resting at the present time owe many thousands of pounds to the Ring; but, generally speaking, the professional punters are not a source of profit to the bookmakers, who have been doing very badly of late. It is, however, a matter for congratulation that reckless plungers are scarce just now; and the Turf can well do without them, although the layers cannot.

I have noticed some horses running in races of late that looked as though they had been given a bucket of water or a good bran-mash before starting. I do not say this has been done, but I do fearlessly assert that any owner or trainer who would lend himself to such a fraud ought to be placed in the dock at the Old Bailey and be made to stand a trial for obtaining money by false pretences. It is bad enough to have horses running all the time that are fat or are only half-trained, but, when animals are properly wound up, any act that is done to prevent them doing their best in a race should be severely punished. No doubt, the authorities would take care to pass a severe sentence on any culprit if he were discovered, but what we want is an inspector of high veterinary standing to report on these matters. He could also advise the handicappers as to the condition of any horses in training, and thus to a great extent obviate the glaring discrepancies that exist at present.

Those Clerks of Courses who provide music at their winter meetings deserve the thanks of racegoers like myself that do not bet, as we get a deal of pleasure out of listening to the band, while others are worrying about the latest state of the odds. I do not think though that the cheap rings should be allowed to participate in the pleasure that is to be derived from listening to the sweet strains of the Blue Hungarian Band or the Guards. As I have many times before hinted, members of Racing Clubs have all the privileges at a little over cost price, whereas the frequenters of the other rings have the privilege of paying dearly for admission only. At the Manchester Meetings a very fine band always plays in Tattersall's Ring, but at many of the Southern meetings the musicians are hidden away behind the Club stand, where they can neither be seen nor heard.

It is early to touch on the classic events of '99, and I very much doubt if we get any reliable betting on the Derby before the end of February. Just now it is thought that the French colt Holocauste, who belongs to M. de Bremand, will win the race. The Prince of Wales

has Sandringham engaged, but I do not think he will be good enough. Perhaps Flying Fox and Trident or St. Gris will be the best of our lot. For the Two Thousand Guineas, Caiman has only to maintain his two-year-old form to win. It is just on the cards that the Prince of Wales will win the One Thousand Guineas and the Oaks by the aid of Eventail, a very smart filly, and she has only to be tried better than Victoria May in the same stable to be very nearly a certainty for both races. She looked like an improving sort when I saw her in the autumn.

We have, seemingly, been living in a fool's paradise all the time. In a conversation with a big backer of horses, the other day, I discovered that there was method in some of our jockeys' madness all the time. It seems that when a waiting race is being ridden, it is possible for big punters in the ring to back the horses in running, and often get many points over the odds when an animal looks to be hopelessly out of a race, only to afterwards get up in the very last stride and win by a head.

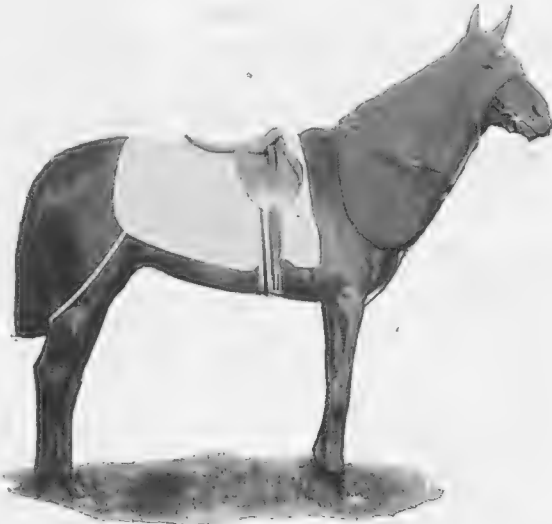
It seems that one or two 'cute' professionals make big profits by backing horses in running, and, what is more, they seldom make a mistake. I prefer to watch the Sloan style of riding myself, and I think the majority of backers like it best too.

As Sloan is to renew his visit to England next year, when he will ride for Lord William Beresford's stable throughout the season, we shall have plenty of opportunities to see how he succeeds over all the English courses. At present, we know he came out well at Newmarket and Manchester, but it will be interesting to see how he fares at Ascot and Goodwood; especially should he take a hand in one or other of the long-distance races. He certainly ought to

make records both at Brighton and Lewes if there should happen to be a gale blowing at those places when racing is on.

Our insular prejudice will, no doubt, in time be overcome in the matter of the starting-gate; but it has been truly said the mills of the gods grind slowly. I am glad to hear that Lord Durham is anxious that the new-fangled notion should be given a fair trial; but the majority of our trainers and jockeys, and many of the gentlemen of the Press, are against a change of any kind. The starting-gate, according to Nat Gould, has been an unqualified success in Australia and India, and I believe it has worked well in America. The Jockey Club could, at any rate, insist on its being used for all five-furlong races and for all races in which two-year-olds are allowed to compete.

The foreigners are good customers at our sales of bloodstock, and no wonder, seeing that English-bred thoroughbreds win races in any country, and they easily become acclimatised anywhere. I am sorry to hear, however, that the majority of the public breeders have had a very bad season, and some of them have given up their breeding establishments. Breeding for sale is a lottery, and no mistake, and it is a matter for



THE REEVE, THREE-YEAR-OLD  
Bought by Mr. Wigan for 1200 Guineas.



DIAKKA, FIVE-YEAR-OLD.  
Bought for 1450 Guineas.



CRESTED GREBE, YEARLING FILLY.  
Bought by Mr. McCalmont for 1050 Guineas.



SIMOON.  
Bought by M. Maurice Ephrussi for 3000 Guineas.

AT THE NEWMARKET DECEMBER BLOODSTOCK SALES.  
From Photographs by the Standard Photo Company, Strand.

congratulation that we have big owners like the Prince of Wales, Lord Rosebery, the Duke of Westminster, the Duke of Portland, Mr. Leopold de Rothschild, and some others, who breed bloodstock for racing purposes.

The telegraphic arrangements at the Liverpool and Manchester meetings are as perfect as they can be made, but, thanks to the trunk lines, the managers of the tape-machines are enabled to use the telephone. As a consequence, the numbers are known in the London clubs long before they go up on the number-boards at Aintree and New Barns. I have often wondered why the electric board in use at Kempton Park has not become more general. By its use, directly a horse has been weighed out for, its number is known to all the spectators on the course. It is a very ingenious idea that might well be utilised all over the country.



A POLO TROPHY.

Beauforts, the Rutlands, the Lonsdales, Lord Cardigan. The portraits are reproduced excellently, and the book is thoroughly readable. Let me praise the index, too. It is very comprehensive. CAPTAIN COE.

#### POLO.

A very fine Polo Trophy has just been modelled by Messrs. Mappin and Webb. Its character will be seen from the illustration given above.

#### LAWN-TENNIS IN FANCY-DRESS.

Lawn-tennis is a pastime eminently adapted to the semi-tropical climate of Natal, and, such being the case, it is no wonder that out in that far-away outpost of Great Britain this game is such a decided favourite with both sexes. Indeed, there is no doubt that many of the colonial exponents of the game would render an excellent account of themselves at some of the principal home meetings. It is not, therefore, improbable that ere long a representative from Natal will appear to do battle for the honour of that colony in some of the championship events. It might be incidentally mentioned that the lady colonists in particular show that they know how to wield the racquet scientifically and well, which is possibly due to their almost continuous practice summer and winter. The photograph reproduced represents a group of players who recently participated in a fancy-dress carnival at Bellair, a suburb of Durban. Many of the players went to considerable expense and trouble in obtaining costumes, as can be readily judged from the photo. A huge cake was



TENNIS-PLAYERS IN MASQUERADE.

Photo by Bradley, Durban.

presented to "Rosalind" (Miss I. Smith), and "Torcador" (Mr. J. Airth), respectively, they having been adjudged the wearers of the handsomest dresses. A hardy-looking Jap (Mr. Ernest Dougherty) and a sailor-lass (Miss Z. Wakes) were the winners of the tournament, and obtained as prizes a handsome medal each, which were presented by the Bellair Lawn-Tennis Club.

#### WHERE TO GO AT CHRISTMAS.

The railway companies are meeting the wants of the Christmas traveller in their usual way. On the Brighton and South Coast Railway ordinary return tickets for distances from twelve to fifty miles are available for eight days, and over fifty miles for one calendar month, including date of issue and return. A special fourteen days' excursion by the Newhaven, Dieppe, and Rouen route will run through the charming scenery of Normandy, to and from the Paris Terminus near the Madeleine, from London by the special express day service on Saturday morning, Dec. 24, and also by the express night service on Thursday, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday evenings, Dec. 22 to 25. Special cheap tickets will be issued on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, Dec. 23 to 25, to and from London and the seaside, available for return on any day up to and including Wednesday, Dec. 28. On Dec. 23, 24, and 26 extra fast trains will leave Victoria and London Bridge Stations for the Isle of Wight, and on Saturday, Dec. 24, an extra midnight train will leave London for Brighton, Eastbourne, Hastings, Worthing, Portsmouth, &c.

The South-Eastern Company announce that they will run a fast late train to Chislehurst, Sevenoaks, Tunbridge Wells, St. Leonards, Hastings, Ashford, Canterbury, Ramsgate, Margate, Folkestone, and Dover, on Saturday. Cheap tickets will be issued for Paris, available for fourteen days, and to return by certain trains. Fares: 58s. 4d. (first class), 37s. 6d. (second class), 30s. (third class). The cheap return tickets between London and Sandling Junction, Hythe, Sandgate, Shorncliffe, Folkestone, Dover, New Romney (Littlestone-on-Sea), Lydd, Tunbridge Wells, St. Leonards, Hastings, Canterbury, Sandwich, Deal, Walmer, Ramsgate, and Margate, will be issued.

The London and South-Western will take you at reduced fares by all trains to the West of England, North and South Devon, and North Cornwall, also to Weymouth, Bournemouth, &c., on Dec. 21, 22, 23, 24, and 25, and to stations on the Somerset and Dorset Line on Dec. 21, 22, 23, and 24, available to return up to and including Dec. 30. On Dec. 23 and 24 cheap third-class return tickets to Guernsey and Jersey will be issued. On Friday, 23rd, and Saturday a special express train will leave Waterloo at 2.5 p.m. for Bournemouth. Additional facilities are likewise afforded for passengers from and to London and the Isle of Wight *via* the Portsmouth direct line, *via* Stokes Bay, *via* Southampton, and *via* Lymington.

The Great Western Company will issue cheap third-class tickets to Bath, Bristol, Taunton, Barnstaple, Ilfracombe, Exeter, Torquay, Plymouth, Falmouth, Penzance, Yeovil, Dorchester, Weymouth, Guernsey, Jersey, &c.; similar tickets will also be issued from those districts to London (except the Channel Islands). On Thursday, cheap excursions will be run to Waterford, Cork, Limerick, Tralee, Kilkenny, Killarney, &c.; on Friday, to Belfast, Armagh, Giant's Causeway, Killarney, &c.; and on Saturday Night, to Evesham, Worcester, &c., for two or three days.

The London and North-Western Company will run special trains on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday to Birmingham and Wolverhampton, calling at Coventry and Stechford only. On Friday and Saturday a special express train will leave Birmingham at 11.45 a.m. for Euston, calling at Coventry, Bletchley, and Willesden only. On Christmas Day a special train will leave Craven Arms at 5 a.m. for Swansea. The Company also announce cheap excursions for the Christmas Holidays on Dec. 23 to Ireland and Carlisle and Scotland, and on Dec. 24 to Coventry, Leamington, Kenilworth, Warwick, Birmingham, Wolverhampton, Dudley, Walsall, Nuneaton, Leicester, Stafford, Crewe, Liverpool, Warrington, Wigan, Preston, Lancaster, the English Lake District, Furness Line Stations, Manchester, Oldham, Stockport, Stoke, Macclesfield, Chester, Birkenhead, North and South Wales, Aberystwyth, Barmouth, and the Cambrian Line, Shrewsbury, &c.; and on Dec. 30 to Carlisle and Scotland.

The Midland Company will run cheap excursion trains to Carlisle, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Greenock, Dundee, Aberdeen, &c., on Friday for four, five, or eight days, and Dec. 30 for four or eight days, by which return tickets will be issued at a third-class single fare for the double journey. The single-fare tickets issued on Dec. 23 will be available for returning on any day up to and including Jan. 7, 1899, and single-fare tickets taken on Dec. 30 will be available for returning any day up to and including Jan. 14, 1899. Cheap excursion trains will also be run on Saturday to Leicester, Birmingham, Nottingham, Newcastle, the Lake District, &c., returning Dec. 26 or 27. Cheap excursion tickets will be issued from London (St. Pancras) and principal provincial stations on Friday to Dublin, Cork, Killarney, Limerick, &c., *via* Liverpool, available for sixteen days, and *via* Morecambe, available for returning on Dec. 29 or 31, and Jan. 3, 5, or 7, 1899; on Friday, Dec. 23, to Belfast, Londonderry, Portrush, &c., *via* Barrow, or *via* Liverpool, available for sixteen days.

The Zealand Steamship Company's rapid steamers ply between Queenborough and Flushing twice daily in each direction. The open sea voyage by the new 21-knot night steamers is 2½ hours only.

It is strange that there is no portrait, either picture or photograph, of the Sultan of Turkey as he actually is. All those that appear in the illustrated papers represent him as he was four-and-twenty years ago, while he was Prince Imperial of Turkey—a young man with a shaven chin and slight moustache. The Sultan is now fifty-six, and wears a pointed beard, already growing grey. As Padishah or Khalifa, he is expected to wear a beard, but the princes of the Turkish Imperial family are clean-shaven, with a moustache only.



## SOCIETY ON WHEELS.

When to light up: Wednesday, Dec. 21, 4.52; Thursday, 4.53; Friday, 4.53; Saturday, 4.54; Sunday, 4.55; Monday, 4.55; Tuesday, 4.56.

Here is a curious tandem. Its construction was brought about through an accident while riding in the country. The chain of a rider's machine slipped off, and, as the bicycle was travelling down a rather



TWO SINGLES TURNED INTO A TANDEM.

Photo by Simpson, Johannesburg.

nasty hill at a high speed, the rider tried to stop it by placing his foot between the front forks, with the result that he put his foot through the wheel. Being a long way from his destination, the idea struck him of turning two singles into a tandem, with the result as shown in the picture. The only difficulties experienced were in mounting and steering, the front wheel being more off the ground than on it, as the roads are very bad in the South African Republic. He and his friend, however, managed to get home, a distance of thirty-six miles, without any further mishap.

The following letter has reached me—

Humber and Co. (Extension), Limited.  
28, Ely Place, London, E.C.: Dec. 7, 1898.

DEAR SIRS,—Humber Cycles reduced. A paragraph has recently appeared in the public press with reference to the reduced price of Humber Cycles, which is not strictly correct, for the price of Humber Standard Cycles, 1899 pattern (ladies' and gents'), is reduced even lower than was predicted. Over six hundred agents will to-day offer these for £10 10s., the quality remaining the same.—Yours faithfully, HUMBER AND CO. (EXTENSION), LIMITED; M. D. RUCKER, Managing Director.

According to a correspondent, a new form of danger threatens nocturnal cyclists who take their rides abroad in the vicinity of Bedale, in Yorkshire. It seems that the ever-prolific hedgehog has lately developed an inordinate fondness for propagating his species in that particular district, the result being that several serious accidents have occurred during the last three weeks owing to cyclists coming suddenly into contact with what my correspondent quaintly terms "the echinate rodents." I may mention for the benefit of the ignorant section, if any such there be, of *Sketch* readers that "echinate" signifies prickly. During the last week alone, no less than three ladies and two men have



WITH THE SEASON'S GREETINGS.

come to grief within a three-mile radius of Bedale owing to the carelessness of "the fretful porpoentine" in placing himself on the permanent way, and owing to the same cause two falls were sustained by cyclists riding after dark in the neighbourhood of Middleham, which is only a few miles beyond Bedale. Obviously, the next device to be invented in connection with bicycles is something in the nature of the American cow-catcher.

Next to the "free-wheel" question, perhaps the subject at present most discussed in cycling circles is the Acetylene-lamp. So far as my experience of this more or less modern invention extends, I think that I may say with truth of the Acetylene-lamp that, "when it is good, it is very, very good; but when it is bad, it is horrid." In these days, when everybody is on the look-out to obtain the best value with the lowest expenditure of capital, it is only natural that a very inferior—indeed, practically untrustworthy, and consequently dangerous—Acetylene cycle-lamp should have been placed upon the market, the price demanded for it being, though absurdly low, a very great deal more than the lamp itself is worth. Hence the preposterous reports at present floating about concerning the danger of Acetylene—reports partly circulated, I cannot help thinking, by a certain set of unscrupulous dealers who have on hand a large stock of ordinary oil-lamps of which they wish to dispose. The well-made and, I may add, absolutely trustworthy Acetylene-lamp is, however, steadily forging ahead, and the day is not far distant when the dirty oil-lamp, that has so long held the lead, will be relegated to oblivion.

Ever since cycling first became a popular form of locomotion, ladies' tailors and dressmakers have been striving to produce at a reasonably low figure a cycling-costume that should be not only picturesque in appearance, and safe to wear on a bicycle, and comfortable to the wearer, and workmanlike, but also durable and "cleanable." Yet it is only during the last few months that garments of this sort may be said to have reached perfection, for now it is possible to obtain from any fairly good tailor a neat, smart, and eminently serviceable costume at a price varying between three and five guineas. As it is not my intention to fling the apple of discord into the dressmaking and tailoring circle, I



NYMPHS IN KNICKS.

refrain from mentioning names. Indeed, I may add that my sole reason for making the above statement is that several ladies have lately written to me to complain that they could not get a tailor-made cycling-costume built for them "under at least ten or twelve guineas."

I see by one of the cycling journals that the Rector of Holy Trinity Church, Sunderland, has provided accommodation for cycles in the "north nave" of his church, whatever that may mean. I am not acquainted with the church in question, and cannot therefore say if it is unique in the possession of more than one nave. What the writer probably meant was the north "aisle," or "transept." If this be correct, it strikes one as rather peculiar that machines should be housed within the sacred edifice itself. There is an old saying that "history repeats itself," and it savours almost of a return to the days of Cromwell, when it was no uncommon thing for a church to be turned into a stable for the horses of the Parliamentary troops. In many churches throughout the country it has been found desirable to supply facilities for the storing of bicycles during the time of service, and this has proved a boon to many a wheelman; but the cycle-stable in these cases is usually some convenient shed, or, perhaps, a "Parish Room," in close proximity to the church.

A correspondent's letter in the current number of the *C.T.C. Gazette*, re Acetylene-lamps, raises an interesting question. The writer was travelling by the London and North-Western Railway from Willesden to Watford, having placed his bicycle in the van under the care of the guard. Arriving at his destination, and on removing his machine from the van, the guard inquired if the lamp was a gas one. Being told that it was, he replied that, had he known it before, he should have refused to take the bicycle, as the company allow no lamps containing gas to be taken in trains. If this be the rule on all railway lines, it forms a strong argument against the use of Acetylene-lamps, and riders who have equipped themselves with this brilliant illuminant may possibly find themselves in difficulty when desiring to convey their machines by rail.

## THEATRICAL GOSSIP.

No doubt "Milord Sir Smith" ought to be called "Milord Sir Roberts," since the new piece at the Comedy is really Roberts and little else. This statement, in a sense, is unfair and inaccurate to the other clever people who assist in presenting the new work of Mr. G. D. Day and Mr. Adrian Ross to the public and in singing the clever and pretty music of Jakobowski. We all had much pleasure from the vivacity of Miss Ada Reeve, who sang cleverly, acted with energy and skill, and attacked the French accent with noble perseverance, while Miss Ethel Sydney sang prettily and played with a sense of character which suggests that she might successfully deal with more exacting tasks. Nevertheless, Mr. Roberts may paraphrase a famous historical speech and say, "The piece is myself." Who is Milord Sir Smith? A philandering Englishman, called "Bob" by his friends, who, like a famous Duke in opera-bouffe, can always "bob up serenely." He has been flirting with Céleste, a singer of the El Dorado café-chantant, who is really a grass-widow, but thinks herself free; her jealousy worries him; and he falls in love with a pretty girl called Angélique, niece and ward of a druggist. Bob comes to Potinville to meet Angélique, Céleste follows Bob, and so Milord Bob Smith pretends that he is Campano, a famous Swedish tenor, and tries to conceal himself from the jealous grass-widow. There is the great fête at Potinville for the orphans of the town, and everyone thinks it will be a capital idea to get Campano to sing at the fête. Now Bob cannot sing any better than Mr. Arthur Roberts, who, though at most concerts more certain to win an encore than the ordinary tenor, could hardly be mistaken, when he sings, for a Sims Reeves, a Lloyd, or a Campano. Hence come many other complications, some wonderful disguises, imitations, and burlesques, some merry scenes, and, I fear, occasionally some mere puerilities which might well be removed, and

without difficulty. Mr. Roberts is, perhaps, at his best, and at times caused his many admirers to roar with laughter; the music in some numbers is pretty, in almost all has plenty of life and swing; the costumes are handsome. Charges have been made of vulgarity, and it is conceivable that at times there are jests that would hardly pass in a drawing-room, but the humours are not less refined than in several other pieces now running with success. As to the quality of Mr. Ross's lyrics I cannot speak; they were not in print nor sung in a style that would enable one to judge.

How excellent Mr. Allan Aynesworth is in "Brother Officers"! This is the tenth year of his career as an actor, for he began in 1888 with Mr. Rutland Barrington at the St. James's.

Mr. Charles Hiatt calls his book on "Ellen Terry" an "Appreciation," a term which was, I believe, first used in English letters by the late Walter Pater, who wanted a word to distinguish the short critical essay from the imposing monograph and from the exhaustive "Study," from which the Appreciation differs mainly in point of length. It is rather an affectation to apply

the word to the book Mr. Hiatt has industriously compiled from play-bills and dramatic criticisms. He seems to have taken the word as restricting him to merely kindly comment on everyone he has to mention, and, though at first we are pleased to find that we have so many good actors and able critics, in the end we rather mistrust the writer who cannot discriminate. Regarded, not as a piece of æsthetic criticism, but as a convenient record of the career of our most popular actress, Mr. Hiatt's book will be useful to the dramatic student, and will no doubt revive some pleasant memories in the minds of the playgoing public. It will do good by correcting the tendency to exalt Miss Terry, the woman of fascinating personality, at the expense of the artist who has won her position, not merely by talent, but through hard work which began in childhood. There is no one on the stage in whom the woman and the actress are so closely merged, and no doubt that gives an additional zest to our enjoyment of her impersonations, but the critic must be on his guard not to let his admiration (purely æsthetic, of course) of the woman affect his estimate of the actress. Mr. Hiatt's conception of an appreciator's dignity does not permit him to include any account of the strolling player's life. Miss Terry and her family, of course, had their share of exciting and ludicrous adventures, which would read very well, and give a welcome brightness to a compilation which is lacking in human nature. All the same, the book can be read with pleasure, and is worth buying, if only for the many likenesses of Miss Terry which it contains.

The cast of the production at the Princess's of Mr. Sutton Vane's adaptation of the Ambigu drama, "La Joueuse d'Orgue," will contain many notable names. Besides Miss Bella Pateman, Mr. Oscar Adye, Miss Ethel Hope (wife of the "producer" of the drama, Mr. E. B. Norneth), and Mr. Laurence Irving, who, in queer contrast to his father's mesmerised Mathias, will, it seems, play a Polish mesmerist, there will be two well-known theatrical couples, Mr. Arthur Playfair and his wife, Miss Lena Ashwell (last seen in "The Broad Road"), and

Mr. J. D. Saunders (author of "The Battle of the Sexes"), and his wife, Miss Dora de Winton. Mr. Charles Garry, Mr. Lennox Pawle, and Miss Georgie Esmond will also appear in this version of Xavier de Montepin and Jules Dornay's play. A very strong cast indeed.

Mr. Charles Thursby, who is appearing in Mr. Cartwright's production, "Tatterley," was born in London some twenty-odd years ago, and is the son of Colonel R. H. Thursby, of the Coldstream Guards, and a nephew of Sir John Thursby, of sporting fame. He was educated at Haileybury, and passed all his examinations for the Army, but, playing very constantly in the amateur world, he was seen by Mr. Ben Greet, and, being very seriously stage-struck at the time, was easily persuaded to doff the sword and don doublet and hose with that manager's Pastoral Players. He went on tour with Mr. Greet, and then with Miss Annie Hughes for Beaufoy in "School," and Algy in "Sweet Lavender," after which he had a season with Miss Sarah Thorne in a round of parts in "the legitimate," and then "went out" with Mr. Thomas Thorne for juvenile lead, and, amongst other parts, played Tom Jones in "Sophia," Tom Fashion in "Miss Tomboy," and Charlie Middlewick in "Our Boys." Then he took out his own company with "Moths," playing Corréze with great success, and, unlike most young actor-managers, he more than covered his expenses. On his return, his own play, "Broken Fetters," was produced for him by Mr. Charles Cartwright at St. George's Hall, after which he was secured by Mr. Cartwright for juvenile lead on his Australian tour, and at the Antipodes played the Comte de Candale in "A Marriage of Convenience," Brian Hollingworth in "The Tree of Knowledge," Corréze, and the uncongenial part of Sir Douglas in "A Squire of Dames."



MR. CHARLES THURSBY AS THE COMTE DE CANDALE.

Photo by Talmat, Melbourne.

Mr. Lionel E. Lawrence has made a hit in the country as Ichabod Bronson in "The Belle of New York." He was Mr. Dan Daly's understudy in America, as well as being in readiness to appear for Mr. Davenport at the Shaftesbury Theatre when required. Mr. Lawrence's brother, namely, Mr. W. N. Lawrence, is general manager for Mr. Daniel Frohman at the Lyceum Theatre, New York.



MR. LIONEL LAWRENCE AS ICHABOD BRONSON IN "THE BELLE OF NEW YORK."

Photo by Norman, Derby.

A proposal made the other day to found a Chair of Dramatic Literature at the College of France in Paris is the last straw on the back of the unfortunate French taxpayer. Already he has to support a Civil army of no less than 400,000 public officials of one kind and another, at an annual cost of close upon £25,000,000! Every hundredth person you meet in France, without counting the soldiers, depends in fact directly upon the State for his or her subsistence. A very large proportion of the Deputies are returned to Parliament for no other reason than

because they have promised to obtain public appointments for the sons, the nephews, or the cousins of about half their electors. The salaries are not exorbitant, but the security and the prestige of the position are supposed to be an ample set-off for the small income. The inventor of a Professor of Dramatic Literature appears to have gone a little too far.



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CITY NOTES.

*The Next Settlement begins on Dec. 28.*

THE CHRISTMAS ACCOUNT.

Traditionally, business has no right of *entrée* to the Stock Exchange during the week before Christmas, but the iconoclasm of the age has forced its way through the very doors of Capel Court itself, and the image shatterers have been at work in Yankee Market and in Kaffir Circus. The remarkable strength of Americans has stood out in strong relief to the dulness of Consols, which are marked down, it is said, in order to enable the "bears" to get cheap stock when the annual money-tightening takes place at the end of the final quarter. Home Rails look brisker at the thought of what traffics will be if the weather only keeps "open" during the holidays, the week's returns also contributing an additional strength. Districts are still at the mercy of their own particular clique, that "Peculiar People" of the Home Railway Market, but Midlands are steadily rising, and those investors who bought upon our advice when the price was lower should not be in too great a hurry to take their profits. The Miscellaneous Market has had its Bradford Dyers Company as a Christmas-box, and made good use of it. In the Foreign Department business has been at a discount, the holiday sentiment stealing early o'er the spirit of its dream; but Spanish keep very steady, despite reports as to the scaling-down of the interest upon the Bonds. In the Mining Markets the "bulls" have been treated to real Christmas music as regards Kaffirs, but Ashanti shareholders have had to face the shattering symphony of a heavy drop. Notwithstanding the broken nature of the Account, we should be far from surprised to witness a very busy time for the Stock Exchange next week, as a preliminary omen of what may be expected early in the New Year.

THE YANKEE MARKET.

Americans have been "The Market of the Month," so far as it has gone. The strong upward movement which has swept prices up to the top figures attained this year is based upon several causes, to which we have from time to time alluded. Good traffics and dividend rumours both stimulated business, and when the dividend rumours actually crystallised into a one per cent. upon Northern Pacific Common shares, the report-mongers began to feel that they really had something to go upon. The chief interest in that market centres around the Louisville announcement, which is expected early in the new year. Judging by traffics, the directors will have ample cash wherewith to disburse a dividend, but those gentlemen are too noted for their "negative policy" in this direction for the market to place any certain hopes upon what may fall to the stockholders.

Prices, as we have already said, are closing the year almost at the top. Looking at the wide differences which exist between the highest and lowest quotations of the year, this is what we find—

	Highest.	Lowest.	Fluctuation.
Atchison Pref. ... ..	53 $\frac{1}{2}$	23 $\frac{3}{8}$	30
Central Pacific ... ..	37 $\frac{1}{4}$	11	26 $\frac{1}{4}$
Milwaukee ... ..	121	85 $\frac{1}{2}$	35 $\frac{1}{2}$
Denver Pref. ... ..	68 $\frac{1}{2}$	41 $\frac{1}{2}$	27
Erie Firsts ... ..	44 $\frac{1}{2}$	29 $\frac{1}{2}$	15 $\frac{3}{8}$
Louisville ... ..	67 $\frac{1}{2}$	45 $\frac{1}{2}$	21 $\frac{1}{2}$
Norfolk Pref. ... ..	62 $\frac{1}{2}$	42 $\frac{1}{2}$	20
Canadas ... ..	92 $\frac{1}{2}$	74	18 $\frac{1}{2}$

In this random list, the only shares which are not, as we write, within a dollar of the prices in our first column are Erie Firsts and Canadas, the former of which have been strangely neglected for some time past, while the latter, of course, have not recovered their ante-rate-war elasticity.

The sudden accession of strength which has visited the American Market is without doubt mainly attributable to the other side. London has been doing little or nothing in comparison with the business passing in New York, and it looks suspiciously like that old, old trick, by which London is induced to buy on the top of a rise engineered simply for the purpose of enabling the Yankees to get out. The number of shares which has changed hands this week in Wall Street, however, rather tends to discount this view, but speculation in Americans on the "bull" tack is becoming very risky. The in-and-out speculator, who "buys on the breaks and sells on the bulges," would appear to stand the best chance of making money, but the amount of pluck required by such operators makes their ranks extremely limited. We are told as a tip to buy Missouri, Kansas, and Texas Common Stock at 13 $\frac{1}{2}$  for a gamble.

THE KAFFIR DIVIDENDS.

The announcements made by the various South African Mining Companies within the last few days would have been enough to cause a perfect furore in the mining "boom," but prices in these latter days merely harden a fraction instead of moving up by points at a time. At the present prices a handsome yield can be obtained by a purchase even of the more "gilt-edged" Kaffir mines, a yield whose largeness is accounted for by the ever-haunting dread of how long a mine's "life" will last. Conditions, of course, vary largely in different cases, but, as a broad rule, it is quite safe to say that no Kaffir shares are worth buying, on their present merits alone, upon which a return of at least 10 per cent. cannot be obtained.

A hundred per cent. upon Rand Mines sounds a great deal for a dividend, but, considering that it is the first dividend which has been paid since the company was introduced to the market, in 1893, and that the price stands over 34, there is not so very much "in it," after all.

Moreover, after the payment of this £1 per share, Messrs. Wernher, Beit, and Co. are entitled to 25 per cent. of all future profits; why, we cannot tell, but such is the case. Descending to more comprehensible matters, these are some of the dividends declared by representative mines during the past week—

Mine.	Dividend.	Total for year.	Total for last year.
Jubilee ... ..	5s. 0d.	25s. 0d.	13s.
New Heriot ... ..	5s. 0d.	20s. 0d.	20s.
City and Suburban ... ..	6s. 0d.	12s. 0d.	12s.
Jumpers ... ..	10s. 0d.	16s. 0d.	12s.
New Primrose ... ..	6s. 0d.	11s. 0d.	10s.
Geldenhuis Estate ... ..	7s. 6d.	29s. 6d.	9s.
Glegcairn ... ..	2s. 0d.	5s. 0d.	nil.
Ginsberg ... ..	4s. 0d.	8s. 0d.	5s.
Rietfontein A... ..	1s. 6d.	4s. 6d.	nil.
Henry Nourse ... ..	10s. 0d.	25s. 0d.	25s.
Wolluter ... ..	2s. 0d.	8s. 0d.	8s.
Geldenhuis Deep ... ..	9s. 0d.	15s. 0d.	6s.

The Rose Deep shows up well with a maiden dividend of 8s. per share, and Crown Deep has gone two shillings better with its premier announcement. Taken collectively, the distributions cannot fail to be regarded as very satisfactory, considering how few attractions there have been for mine-managers to go at anything like full steam ahead.

A TYPICAL SOUTH AMERICAN DEFAULTING REPUBLIC.

Peru has always been an eminent example of how it was possible for a Spanish-American Republic to pose before the world as devoid of the most elementary principles of honesty. Honduras might, perhaps, be even more unblushing in its repudiation, but, after all, it is very small and very poor. Venezuela might look upon its foreign creditors as fair game to despoil, but then, to tell the truth, the bulk of the money had stuck to the hands of intermediaries, so, perhaps, there was *some* excuse; but for Peru—the land of the Incas and of Francesco Pizarro—nothing could or can be urged, except that the Spanish-American is by nature a thief, and will ever be so.

For years Peru was in default, and having, as was supposed, found out the inconvenience of its evil ways, arrangements were made some six or seven years ago whereby the Peruvian Corporation came into existence, took over the whole of the country's debt, and was to receive a sum of £80,000 a-year out of the customs revenue by way of subsidy. The old bondholders surrendered their rights, and new capital, in the shape of debentures, was subscribed by foolish Europeans to assist in the development of the country.

The ink was hardly dry on the documents which constituted the bargain before Peru again defaulted, and a miserable £25,000 is all that has ever been paid of the promised subsidy.

The meeting of the Peruvian Corporation, which took place on Thursday last, gave Mr. H. R. Grenfell an opportunity of laying the position before the debenture and share holders of the concern. In some ways the report was not unsatisfactory. The income had come out to about the figure expected, and, so far as can be seen, 3 per cent. may confidently be expected upon the Debentures, apart from the promised customs subsidy, but for the Preference and Ordinary stockholders there appears little hope of any return, unless the various European Governments, whose subjects are large sufferers, will exert a little pressure upon the President and Congress of this benighted republic.

It is true that our forefathers captured numberless galleons laden with the gold and silver of Peru, which otherwise would have enriched the coffers of Philip II. and other Spanish Kings, but the Continental stockholders have not even the cold comfort which the recollection of such praiseworthy deeds may bring to their English fellow-sufferers, and, after all, those doubloons and "pieces of eight" have long since been spent, and, alas! there are no more galleons for the present generation to capture!

KENT COAL.

The report of the Kent Coal Finance and Development Company is a sorry enough document. We have, over and over again—perhaps with damnable iteration—warned our readers against taking any hand in this wild-cat colliery gamble of Mr. Arthur Burr and his friends, and, despite the strenuous efforts of various London and provincial touts and bucket-shop keepers, we hope we have succeeded in saving any of our regular readers from losing their money. The company was formed to explore and bore for coal in Kent and Sussex, which it has done with no practical result so far; it had also among its objects the supporting of the market for the shares of the Kent Collieries Corporation, with the result that it has £77,000 of this unmarketable rubbish locked up in its office safe. Needless to say, the directors have not lost faith in the undertaking; but why they describe the shareholders' losses as "apparent" in contradistinction to "real," we do not understand. The man who buys a share at £1, and sees other people able to pick up the same thing for 5s., has clearly lost 15s. by his original purchase, whatever may be the price next year.

ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

The Stock Exchange.

There was a sudden whirr of machinery, a great, clanging bell, and Father Christmas squeezed himself out of the motor-car which had landed him at Capel Court. The old man rolled up the famous alley, and, late as it was, vanished into the Stock Exchange, leaving the bewildered cabbies on the contiguous rank in deep perplexity as to whether it was Mr. Tom Nickalls, or Mr. Paxton got up for the occasion. The bulky Father was meanwhile hard at work in the Consol Market. Handful after handful of his renowned Christmas mixture he threw on seat, on bench, on marking-desk, until the air was luminous with the business-deadening powder, whose strange power it also is to substitute for bargains, pleasure, jokes for stocks, for Kaffirs, jollity. From Capel Court



round went the ponderous Santa Claus to all the markets one by one, ever and anon assisted in his task by the Spirit of Sweet Charity—a sprite who seemed to find congenial spots among those granite pillars. She paused at the door near Old Broad Street, and marked the bench where late the Sirdar stood, wondering the while whether the good Father Christmas himself would meet as great a reception if he had only arrived in business hours. And she came to the conclusion that he would.

On the following day—it was Friday, to be exact—a keen observer would have known that something had happened. The talk mostly ran on Christmas instead of Rhodesians, and the result of the time-honoured "Evans's Turkey-Raffle" was posted early in the morning. It was even difficult to get an estimate of the next day's Trunk traffic, and one broker was so excited at seeing his name on the above-mentioned prize-list that he begged a Foreign Market jobber to make him a close price in "Turkey Threes." "S'pose you mean Group Threes, don't you?" replied his dealer, compassionating the broker's age and excitement. The holiday spirit is at large, and the power of Father Christmas is not to be withstood. Nor has there been much temptation to attend strictly to business, for, apart from the American and Kaffir Markets, bargains done are few and far between, while even in those two lively crowds it is only the "professionalst professionals" who are filling up the pages of their jobbing booklets.

Consols have naturally been droopy with the close of the year. There was some attempt made to discover in the Duke of Cambridge's oration a corrective to the dose of Sir Edward Monson, but nobody took much notice of it, and they rather laughed at you in the Consol Market when you inquired if Sir William Harcourt's resignation had any financial significance. The House—Conservative to an eighth of all its members—took a merely languid interest in the political situation, and Lord Rosebery's return to active leadership would find most favour among Stock Exchange men. They remember that pleasant-faced gentleman who walked through their midst not long ago, so quietly that a comparative few recognised the great Liberal, personally conducted though he was by "J. K." himself.

Home Rails gently stagnate. All the fire is out of the speculative favourites, South Eastern "A," Chathams, and Districts; there is not a thing going on in any one of them. Opinions differ as to whether the different railway companies will maintain their dividends at the same rates as those of last February, but it is early days to make definite forecasts. The Yankee Market has mopped up most of the floating speculation this week, and Foreign Rails are too "stupid" to call for more than passing notice. Western of Havana have been in request on the gradual pacification of the distressful isle. Perhaps the company has been able to reduce the armed guard which a little while since was obliged to accompany each train. Gambling has not been quite lost sight of during the week; witness the rise and fall of Ashanti Goldfields, the shares of which fell from 18½ to 9 in four hours. By the way, a friend of mine who wanted to sell ten shares on that particular day had such a nice close price made him. Seven pounds to eleven pounds! It is enough to make Mr. Edward Clark quite jealous.

That "Catalogue of the Hundred Best Books, by Members of the Kaffir Market," a neat little brochure printed for private circulation only, and in aid of the Jersey Home for Working Lads, has already run into two editions, and nearly out again. The title of each book in the Catalogue is, of course, some pet phrase, propensity, or peculiarity of that member of the Kaffir Market by whom it is supposed to be written. In most cases the allusion needs some familiarity with its subject for the humour to be appreciated, but in a few it is apparent to the interested outsider. These are some samples—

- "The Fatherland, and Why I Left It." By Julius Kraisheimer.
- "Hyde Park and Its Surroundings." By W. Palings.
- "The Heavenly Twins; or, Which is Which?" By Hawes Brothers.
- "A Voice from the Deep." By W. Moens.
- "On Veracity." By "What a Loy."
- "Unconsidered Trifles, and How to Pick Them Up (Hints to Beginners)." By "Only Feefty."
- "Hints on Organ-Blowing." By "Marshal Nez."
- "What's in a Name?" By Harry Higham.
- "Jobbing on Wires." With Illustrations. By Willie Bramson.

"The Choir that Failed," by Charlie Clark, is a sly hit at the popular jester whose efforts to accord the Sirdar a vocal welcome to the House met with comical failure in the grand rush that was made at the hero when he visited the Stock Exchange a fortnight ago.

Westralians show little sign of revivification, although Associated have proved an exception to the general rule of prevailing lassitude. Where, oh where, are the prophets who not long ago were talking Market Trusts to the same price as Globes before Christmas? Bottomley's stocks are rather hesitating, waiting, a broker suggested, to see whether their champion, Mr. "Dick" Davies, be returned for the Court of Common Council, or whether Mr. Walter Pankhurst shall succeed this second time.

It seems early days for the Christmas greeting, but the fact that it is a day or two before the time makes the message all the more sincere. "A Merry Christmas and Many Happy Returns of the Day to all of you," cries that voice in the Stock Exchange—

THE HOUSE HAUNTER.

#### THE GREAT BOULDER.

In our issue of the 7th inst. we anticipated that at the meeting which the directors of the Great Boulder were obliged to call in response to the shareholders' requisition, the Committee would command a majority, but one not sufficiently large to carry out the removal of the Board. The result has amply justified our forecast, for, although the resolution of censuring the directors was carried by 92,911 votes given by 718 shareholders, against 83,865 votes given by 556 shareholders, the remaining and operative resolutions, by which it was hoped to give effect to the censure, could only be adopted by a like vote, which fell short of the three-quarters majority required.

If a Government which was managing the affairs of the country were faced with such a vote, it would instantly resign; if the indignity of a vote of censure were offered to a Chief Constable by a Town Council, or a hospital doctor by the General Court of the subscribers, the innate feeling of what was expected from a gentleman under such circumstances would make the tender of resignation a matter of course; but so low has all decent feeling fallen in company matters that it may be taken as certain the Board of the Great Boulder Proprietary will retain office, draw their fees, and go on administering the affairs of shareholders the majority of whom have expressed a desire to put the control of their property in other hands. You may legislate for ever without doing any good in a country where public opinion permits such things

to be done with impunity. What we want in the City of London, far more than reform of the law, is a healthy moral tone, which would make it as unpleasant for a director who clung to office after the majority of the shareholders had asked him to resign as it is for an officer to remain in a regiment after he has shown the white feather, or for a boy who has sneaked on his schoolfellow to stay at a public school.

#### ISSUES.

The London Sea-Water Supply Company.—This company is incorporated by Act of Parliament, and has for its object the pumping of sea-water from the English Channel and the distribution of it in mains throughout London. Despite the very strong Board of Directors, we confess the scheme does not appear to us attractive as an investment. The authorised share capital is £600,000 in 60,000 shares of £10 each, all of which are offered for subscription; although the contractors "reserve to themselves the right to retain one-third of the share capital in part payment of the purchase price." If an unsuspecting public will only subscribe enough, we feel pretty sure that this precious right will not be exercised; but, as no part of the issue is underwritten, the contractors may consider themselves lucky to escape with one-third. As is usual with this sort of concern, a contract has been entered into with the Sea-Water Works Construction Company, Limited, for carrying out the work, so that the promoters are to get their profit out of putting up the works and laying the pipe lines, which, we venture to think, is as vicious a plan as can well be devised. In the ordinary way, it is possible to find out what the promotion profit amounts to, but, covered up with a construction contract, no one except the contractors will ever know. Our readers will be very foolish if they do anything to deprive the Sea-Water Works Company of the glory of executing the work for shares.

Wolverhampton District Brewery, Limited, is offering the whole of its authorised share and debenture capital for public subscription. The whole does not amount to a great sum, it is true, but these little second- or third-class brewery issues are to be avoided. The concern is formed to amalgamate the Bradley Brewery, a bottling business, and seventeen extra public-houses, which will be bought if the public find enough money. The valuation is most unsatisfactory; the certificate of profits amounts to nothing, and three out of five directors are interested in the sale. Need we say more? It is intended to apply for a quotation upon the London Stock Exchange. There is no harm in a pious intention, we suppose, but, inasmuch as no quotation will be granted for any stock or shares when the amount is under £50,000, and as the total of each class here is below this minimum, it is, in our humble opinion, very wrong of the directors to hold out hopes which, they ought to know, cannot be fulfilled.

Gayton, Limited.—There can be no doubt that these lines will be in print in time to warn our readers against subscribing to this company, for the lists are to remain open "until the necessary capital has been subscribed." How many years do the directors propose to sit waiting for the necessary capital, we wonder? The issue is only £20,000 in 20,000 shares of £1 each, so that there never can be any free market, which of itself would be a great objection, and, although a great parade is made of a certificate signed by Messrs. Harvey, Preen, and Co., there is nothing to show that a penny of profit has ever been made from this precious jam business. The certificate relates to sales, not profits, and, as an example of the way figures can be manipulated, we have only to say that, from May to October last, these sales are certified to amount to £2194, from which the reader is asked to assume that, for the year, they will be £5400, as if the veriest child did not know that the selected months are the ones in which the jam is made and disposed of. We strongly urge our readers to leave the shares of Gayton, Limited, to "the wholesale and retail customers of Messrs. Gayton and Son," who may be trusted to appreciate them at their true worth.

Saturday, Dec. 17, 1898.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects only to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, Granville House, Arundel Street, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

DURHAM.—You are too late to take your new shares. The company was quite within its rights in fixing a date, and shutting everybody out who had not then come in. You have only yourself to blame for losing your rights. As a gamble, it is very likely that the shares will be better after the New Year, but we have no faith in either company you name in the way of investment, or, indeed, in anything belonging to the whole group.

ZERO.—Certainly, the Hannan's concern is a swindle. The names connected with it are quite enough.

SOUTHEAST.—(1) The Assurance Corporation is, we think, a most undesirable investment. (2) In our opinion the shares are high enough.

O. D. V.—The tip we gave last week ought to have been enough for you. Even at present price you will probably save money by selling out.

W. R.—(1) A fair price for a good mining share. (2) Over-capitalised, but likely to do well for the next few years. It was badly subscribed, and hence the market is weak. (3) We would rather not give an opinion.

KILDARE.—Of course not. The noble Lords have about as much to do with the market-rigging, making of premiums, and other objectionable practices to which we alluded, as the Queen has with the speech with which Parliament is opened.

C. E. M., JUNR.—You are quite wrong. Whiteley is a banker; lots of people keep current accounts there, and, amongst other things, the ordinary business of a banker is carried on. We meant what we said, and have the best grounds for making the statement.

G. H. J. (Rio de Janeiro).—We have not a prospectus by us, and, if we had, we fail to see why we should pay the postage of it. Write to the Secretary at the office, corner of Cheapside and Old Jewry, London, E.C. Perhaps he may be more philanthropic.

Mrs. J. B.—We hear the shares are going better, but don't be greedy. Sell the lot at a small profit. They are not a safe investment such as you ought to hold.

A. B.—(1) We said the interest had been paid in full in our Notes of the 7th inst. (2) Divide your money among the following: C. A. Pearson, Limited, pref., Mellin's Food Company for Australia pref., Vickers and Maxim Ordinary, McCracken's Bonds, Lady's Pictorial pref., Imperial Continental Gas Stock, United States Brewing Company Debentures, Eley Brothers, Chadburn's Ship Telegraph pref., and Industrial Trust Unified Stock. All officially quoted. (3) We are not sweet on these things. Probably Watney Deferred are the best for a rise, but we do not see much room for a large one.

Boots.—We will try to refer to this matter next week.

NOTE.—Next week's issue will, on account of the holidays, have to go to press early, and correspondents who are not answered will perhaps kindly bear this in mind and forgive us.